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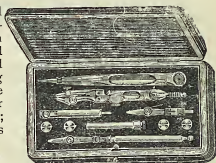
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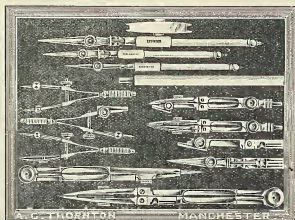
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The Hartley University College Magazine.

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JUNE, 1908.

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THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

NOTES AND NEWS. ❧ ❧

✦ ✦ ✦

The End of the Session.

THE reason why Dante Alighieri called his great work *La Commedia* was that, according to his ideas of etymology, a comedy is that which begins in gloom and ends happily. In this sense the session which is now fast drawing to its close may fittingly be described as a comedy in three acts. We have no desire to dwell on the episodes which marred the usually harmonious relations between staff and students towards the end of the first term. Doubtless, future students will speak with bated breath of the Great Blank Term of Session 1907-8, when all the social activities of the College were suspended as if by enchantment; when the galleries at the Public Lectures presented a dismal array of empty seats; when the voice of the budding scientist or the coming M.P. was heard no more in the College; when soirées were but wistful memories, and the racked brains of chess-players were given respite and repose. Many a grim legend will be invented and handed down to account for this extraordinary state of affairs. But we need not muse further on this topic. As in the tale of the Sleeping Beauty, the dire spell has been broken, the bells (not cow bells, however) have been set ringing, and all is blithe and gay.

The Records of Old Southampton.

THE Southampton Record Society is now completing the third year of its existence. It manages to issue two volumes a year to its members. For the present year it has already published an essay on "Leet Jurisdiction," by Prof. Hearnshaw, and it has in process of printing a volume supplementary to the Court Leet Records already issued. This supple-

mentary volume will contain a glossary by Prof. Masom,* notes on the Southampton dialect by Mr. Westlake, and Indexes compiled by Miss Hamilton, Mr. F. J. Bunnett, and Mr. C. N. Webb. It is hoped that among the early publications of next year will be Speed's "History of Southampton," which Miss Aubrey is editing.

Mr. E. J. Passant is to be congratulated on obtaining a Scholarship in History at Downing College, Cambridge.

Mr. W. S. Fenwick, who began his medical curriculum five years ago by winning an Open Entrance Scholarship at Charing Cross Hospital, has just completed it by being awarded a Gold Medal at the Final M.B.

Laying Down the Law.

In the current number of the *Hibbert Journal* Professor Hearnshaw has a lengthy article on "Law." The object of the article is to discuss the difference between the meaning of the term "law" as it is used in jurisprudence and that in which it is employed in physical science. The matter is one which has become prominent in recent controversy, and it is to be hoped that Professor Hearnshaw's treatment of it will do something to remove the confusion that lurks in such phrases as "a violation of physical law" and "disobedience to a law of nature."

The College Sports.

IN another part of this issue there appears a report of the Third Annual College Sports—an occasion whose enjoyment even the sloppiest of sloppy weather can never seriously mar. At the risk of appearing hypercritical, we would venture to express the opinion that in a College like ours there ought to have been a much larger number of competitors, in the championship events especially. Again, the time records in the flat races cannot be regarded as being so good as they ought to be and might be. Why should we not have a Harriers Club? This would afford training during the months of autumn, winter, and spring, and if well supported would benefit not only the men who intend entering for the sports events but also those who are apt to be lackadaisical about physical exercise. Such a club would not clash with any of the other clubs and societies; the runs could, of course, be made in the evenings. Some members of the staff would be glad to co-operate in the starting of a Harriers Club and to turn out for the runs. We hope, therefore, to see this club formed at the beginning of next session, with a large membership, too.

*See article in this number, entitled "Old Southampton Dialect."

Good-bye—and Good Luck!

To many of our readers the end of the session brings genuine and deep regrets. Despite the incidents already referred to, there are probably few colleges in which there is more *camaraderie* between and among students and staff. In this respect a comparatively small College like ours is happily situated; it is large enough to comprise the variety of personalities and tastes which makes intercourse interesting, instructive, and amusing, and to minimise the pettiness, gossip, and clique spirit which so often prevail in a small place. We feel sure that all students still remaining at College (we had almost written "whose term of College life has not expired," but that is too suggestive of penal servitude) will join the staff in wishing the best of good luck to those who are leaving us to begin the battle of life in earnest. It is hard to avoid lapsing into a little moralising on such an occasion. All we need say is, Remember *Alma Mater* and her fine motto: "*Strenuis ardua cedunt*"—to which we might perhaps add the Vergilian line—less terse and more worldly-wise—suggested by Sir Alfred Wills at the sports prize-giving, "*Cuncti adsint, meritæque exspectent præmia palmæ.*"

But, to come to more immediately practical affairs, we would urge all outgoing students to join a Society of Old Hartleyans, if one exists in their neighbourhood—if not, why not *form* a Society? A few members would at least make the beginnings of a Past Students' Association. Next, do not forget the Magazine—send in your subscription (1/6) to the Secretary, or, better still, hand it in before leaving. Also, let the Editor hear of your successes, appointments, and other doings, and send along an article—grave or gay—from time to time.

EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND.

▼ ▼ ▼

Part I.—The History of the Swiss School.

It is hoped that the following pages, though consisting of somewhat discursive and disconnected observations, may prove of interest to students of educational methods. The writer can only claim the advantage of having been educated under the system he has here attempted to describe.

To speak of a Swiss "system" of education is only partially correct—we ought rather to term it an *ensemble* of systems which differ in detail, but which bear an unmis-

takable family likeness. A glance at the political constitution of the country will make this clear.

Switzerland is, strictly speaking, not a state, but a confederacy of states. In size it is comparable to one of the larger counties of Britain, in population slightly greater than Paris, yet it includes 25 independent states (grouped into 42 cantons), each jealously guarding its own laws, customs, religions, and languages. Five languages are spoken—not counting English, which is now almost exclusively used by those engaged in the remunerative profession commonly known as "*l'exploitation des étrangers*." Moreover, numerous dialects are used in various parts of the country. Some states are Protestant, some are Catholic, some are both, and some are neither. Some cantons depend for their existence on agriculture, some on industries, some on tourists. Would it have been advisable, or even possible, to enforce a single uniform system of education on the whole population? And yet, despite these differences, few nations present a more united front than does Switzerland. Few are more immune from internal, political, and municipal strife and dissensions, and it is the same with regard to education. Notwithstanding the differences of race, language, and religion, some not insignificant features belong in common to the various educational systems and stamp the work of education as a whole with definite national characteristics.

But even an intimate acquaintance with the Switzerland of to-day will not in itself enable us to understand properly the prevailing system; we must question the past. It would be impossible, within the space at our disposal here, to trace adequately the history of Swiss schools from their humble origin to their present development.

Popular education in Switzerland may be said to have begun with the Reformation. Isolated places of learning, it is true, existed before that time. Some of them, like Basle, have prospered down to the present day, but they only catered for a few privileged individuals. The Reformers, both in Switzerland and in Germany—I need only quote the name of Melancthon—were the first schoolmasters of the people. This accounts for the fact that even to-day education is appreciably more developed in the Protestant states of Switzerland and Germany than in the Catholic states.

At first the pastor was at the same time the schoolmaster of the parish. In more populous districts he secured the assistance of a *régent* (teacher), and in course of time all clergymen, even those of little hamlets, contrived to transfer the more irksome part of their tutorial duties to some lay

assistant. Thus, in the beginning the schoolmaster was merely the assistant or even the servant of the clergyman. Small were his earnings, but numerous his duties. To educate the rising generation was but the least of his cares. In several of the local regulations and bye-laws, of even some 60 or 70 years ago, we find, among other items, "The schoolmaster shall sweep the church, and in the winter remove the snowdrifts on the way leading thereto; he shall ring the church bells for services, burials, and marriages." By way of compensation, he was entitled to keep a goat and a cow on the common, to cut the grass on the cemetery, and in some parishes to exact one shilling per marriage. But even with these various sources of income the unfortunate educator could only stave off absolute starvation by devoting his leisure hours—and some of his school hours, too—to manual labour; generally he was a carpenter or a cobbler by trade.

School buildings were non-existent; where the vicarage could not offer sufficient accommodation, and in villages where there was no vicarage, the parishioners had to provide schoolrooms in their own houses for a stipulated number of days a year, and on those days had to feed the teacher into the bargain. A curious sight it must have been to see the village school migrating from house to house with the pedagogue carrying on his back the paraphernalia of education and what school material there was, together with the tools of his own peculiar trade.

Centuries passed and education remained in this sadly inefficient condition. It entered nobody's head that suitable buildings ought to be provided; no one had ever as much as dreamt that the schoolmaster ought to receive some training for his profession. But at the beginning of the last century there sprang up, as if by magic, a whole galaxy of schoolmasters in the noblest sense of the term. The seeds sown by Rousseau, his passionate plea for the children—these little creatures born sinless into the world, soon, alas! to be corrupted by a sinful society—set people everywhere thinking, and made the more enlightened enquire—even if they clung to the doctrine of original sin—whether mankind was really doing its duty by the rising generation. To quote the words of an eminent French historian: "*La Suisse avait alors une belle fièvre d'éducation.*"

It would lead us too far to review all the theories that were built up, all the experiments that were made, from the end of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, Krüsi, Herbart, Frobel, and Father Girard belong to universal history, and have revolutionised

teaching all the world over. In Switzerland, under the guide of fascinating stories, books for mothers, etc., educational theories were brought down to the level of even the simplest intelligences, and soon the whole nation became familiar with, and took a keen interest in, all these questions.

The advantages of a good education became more and more apparent, not only from the purely philanthropic but, also from the political and social point of view. Pestalozzi's dictum, "the future of a nation depends on its schools," became the watchword of every party. The conviction became almost universal that Education was the chief safeguard of a democracy. "The Nation will be at the mercy of demagogues and political intriguers, unless it can itself grasp political and economic questions, and guide its judgments by the opinions of great thinkers and the lessons of national history."

Again, they said, agriculture, even if brought to the highest pitch of development, will barely feed two-thirds of the population. The land is a beautiful one—its scenery is perhaps the finest in the world—but the majestic Alps which cover half the territory yield no bread. At least one-third of the population must earn a livelihood by industries or trades. But here again we Swiss stand at a disadvantage, compared with other nations. The country yields neither coal nor minerals, nor any of the raw materials required for its industries. (*N.B.*—These arguments were advanced before the advent of Cook's Excursions and Condensed Milk.) Moreover, the country is surrounded by mighty nations, each anxious to protect its home industries and to keep out foreign products! "Our only hope is to excel our neighbours," said the Swiss of fifty years ago, "our intellectual faculties must be developed regardless of expense."

The Federal Law of 1874 was the result of this movement, and it holds to this very day. The whole education was still left in the hands of the various states or cantons; the law merely established that elementary education should be compulsory and, in state-owned schools, free, and that liberty of conscience should be respected.

Such a law was bound to introduce a certain amount of uniformity, without by any means centralising the whole system, for the cantons were allowed to interpret this law practically as they pleased. Nothing will illustrate this better than the attitude of the cantons with regard to the "conscience clause." Some states made their schools altogether undenominational, allotting special periods a week, in which representatives of the various denominations were offered

accommodation in the colleges and schools to gather their respective flocks for the purpose of religious teaching. At these special hours you would see the Roman Catholic *curé* taking possession of one room, the Protestant *pasteur* of the Established Church of another, the dissenting *pasteur* of a third, the Rabbi of a fourth, the Freethinker of a fifth, and so on, as far as accommodation could be found within the building. This system still prevails in Neuchâtel. Other states insist on religion being part and parcel of the ordinary school curriculum. The teacher must therefore teach religion according to the Established Church. It is true that he can refuse to give these lessons, but then this refusal entails a corresponding reduction of salary, besides bringing him into conflict with the ecclesiastical powers. As far as the children are concerned the "conscience clause" is safeguarded, for, on producing a written declaration from his parents, the child can stay away from school during the lessons in which teaching of a denominational character is given. However, hardly two states have interpreted the Federal Law in quite the same way. You will admit that Switzerland offers a rich field of observation on the vexed question of religious teaching in state-owned schools.

Divergences quite as considerable could be shown in the interpretation of every point of the Federal Law. Thus, with regard to compulsory attendance in some cantons, it extends from the age of six to fourteen; in others from seven to fifteen; in others, again, it may extend to sixteen; and in a few children are allowed to leave school at thirteen on passing a satisfactory examination. Even more varied are the courses adopted for punishing delinquents. As a rule, for the first unexcused absence a warning is sent to the parents, and on a second offence during the same school year punishment is meted out. Geneva is exceptionally severe; it begins with fines of two to five francs, but for a renewed offence the fines range from five to fifty francs, and the parents can be sent to jail. Fribourg begins with fines of twopence, and rises to two francs. Berne fines only when the total of absences in a month exceeds one-tenth of the lessons. In Neuchâtel the fines are two francs for the first absence, and fivepence for each following half-day. Finally, to keep a closer control over the children and to check more accurately their attendance at school, each child receives a *livret scolaire*, or certificate-book, in which his or her whole school career is officially recorded.

Again, several cantons have not been satisfied with granting free elementary education, but they have also supplied the

scholars with all the books and material free of charge, and in some cases have allowed these to remain the property of the student. (In the canton of Neuchâtel the state incurs an expenditure of three or four francs yearly per child for this item alone.) Moreover, secondary education also is to a large extent free, and the fees for higher education have been nearly everywhere reduced to a very small figure.

Thus, in the majority of cantons, far more is being done than the minimum fixed by the Federal Law, and it has become more and more a matter of rivalry among the various states to secure the most efficient educational system. The same spirit has spread to the smallest community. The Swiss takes a special pride in his schoolhouse, and will make the greatest sacrifices to benefit the cause of education. And this he does in the full conviction that it is a sound investment for the nation, and the surest guarantee of its prosperity and independence.

P. S.

COMMON ROOM BALLADS, No. III.

"THE CANDIDATE'S CAROL."

+ + +

Oh no! we don't believe in cram,
It isn't education;
For purposes of mere exam
It isn't right in heads to cram
(As in a sausage cat and ham)
Condensed misinformation.
But we refuse to trouble us
With things outside our Syllabus.

It may be true that we, as yet,
Have read no Latin verses
Except the special authors set,
Though over these we nightly sweat
(Around our heads a bandage wet)
With deep and fervent curses.
But others do not worry us;
They are not in our Syllabus.

Then people say that Shakespere's fine,
Perhaps; we won't deny it,
Altho' we cannot quote a line
(For fear of shivers down the spine)

From plays not set for nineteen-nine,
 And don't intend to try it.
 But wherefore should we burden us
 With things outside our Syllabus?

And History we study too,
 A subject dry and drear,
 For plain it is, and very true,
 That twenty centuries to do
 Must furnish dates by no means few—
 They average one a year.
 But every one's of weight for us—
 They're all within our Syllabus.

And English Literature—a bore—
 We have to study deeply,
 But if upon this tome we pore—
 This little booklet, one and four—
 We're told we're simply bound to score;
 I think we get off cheaply.
 How nice that Lit. inserted thus,
 Is ample for our Syllabus!

Pure Maths. are yet another drop
 To swell our cup of sorrow.
 Though Euclid's downfall puts a stop
 To learning word for word each prop.
 Think you the minimum we'll top
 If hints from him we borrow?
 Why have they taken him from us?
 He made so neat a Syllabus.

Our forms are in—the die is cast—
 Away with all regretting.
 And now we open note-books vast
 To swot unto the very last,
 Until the final wrench is passed,
 And then we'll start forgetting.
 A scramble through sufficeth us,
 It shows we've "done" our Syllabus.

Oh no! we don't believe in cram,
 It isn't education;
 But when we're taking an exam
 (We wish them all to—Amsterdam),
 To do an extra milligramme
 Is supererogation.
 So we don't care a tinker's cuss
 For things outside our Syllabus.

E. H. W.

THE BANDSMAN. ❧ ❧

* * *

(Mr. Hall Caine is discovered in his study, using his patent forehead expander).

Enter a London stage-manager.

H.C.—An interview, is it?

“Then go from my window, my juggy, my puggy,
Then go from my window, my dear;
The night is quite warm, 'twill do you no harm,
You cannot be lodged in here,”

as the Elizabethan poet finely puts it.

Very sorry a month's notice has not proved sufficient; my extempore things are dreadfully in arrears. Besides, interviewing is such a bore! No, no! For all about me, see my *Life*, to appear shortly (smiles amply, then suddenly composes his classic features and places forefinger to forehead).

S.M.—Nothing of the kind, Mr. Sims—Caine, I beg pardon. Interviewers are an abomination, as you but too truthfully say. My business merely concerns the play you began to write for us three years ago.

H.C.—Then why abuse interviewers, dear friend? Must not they too share the breath of life, like great men such as Mr. Sims, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, and MYSELF? Could the author of *The Christian*, do you suppose, let an innocent family wait for the lack of a few golden words? Corelli forbid, sir! Besides, what have I to fear? The wit of years is ready for the censor.

S.M.—But, a moment ago, did you not say—

H.C.—What of “a moment ago,” in the face of Eternity, when we all stand, shadow beckoning to shadow on the awful brink? So, look in at Carmelite House on your way, will you, there's a good fellow (*pats his shoulder*) and say the man will be expected to-morrow morning about 10. He can have a bed here for the night, if we don't finish before 12 p.m. As to the play—a mere trifle, sir, dashed off in a couple of years, for which you were kind enough to promise, ahem, to pay me, in fact—I have endeavoured to write down to your (forgive me) rather exacting requirements. Try how I might, though, I could not get in the Income Tax, for instance. But in other respects you may find the piece to your taste.

S.M.—Without doubt we shall. Of course, you recollect our terms: £10 for the first offence against good taste and £5 for every next following. Improbabilities, absurdities, conversions, confessions, rants, reformations, and so forth, at the usual trade rates. What we want, sir, is a play that will *shock* the public—any sort of shock will do. You could, perhaps, throw in a hymn, sung behind the scenes.

H.C.—Strange—very strange! There actually *is* a hymn in my play, sung behind the scenes too, in the first act. The sunny happy act I call it, ere sorrow like an inverted bucket damps and discourages all the characters—ahem!

S.M.—Far be it from me to press a man like you, Mr. Shaw—Caine, I mean. But the Income Tax being out of the question, could you not get in the Licensing Bill, say, or Old Age Pensions? Couldn't there be a scene, for instance, where somebody drinks something and then talks about it? Coloured water of some sort, you know, would do, if it should turn out that the actors are teetotalers.

H.C.—It would answer quite as well—indeed far, far better—in fact better far. I can't talk plain prose; I must be quoting—I'm full of poetry, simply full of it. Besides, you know, it somehow remains fixed in my mind that you *are* an interviewer after all, and that you're only drawing me out—not that I mind that—ahem! Well, that dreadful delusion and parent of secondary delusions, known as intoxication, *has* actually received what I may justly call the attention of a philosopher in my mellow drama. A printed announcement will appear on the programmes, explaining that when the actors carouse it is mere make-believe. Nay, is not all of it but a painted show, meant not to terrify sinful humanity but to catch him, improve him, and let him go again? Ah! hold! what is this vision of a crowded, grateful audience? It seems black with eager expectant faces, turned rapturously to my poor puppets—

S.M.—*Black*, Mr. Barry—Caine, excuse my slip? White, surely!

H.C.—Not at all. Black, I repeat. Do you suppose the clean soap-and-water countenances of the aristocracy possess the slightest interest for me? No, sir! It is upon the gallery I shall fix *my* gaze, with its tiers of tarry, sooty visages, washed—if ever washed at all—by the silent tear of sympathy alone!

S.M.—Sublime! Tiers of tears—ahem. Never thought of that! What wonderful, what expansive insight! Those motor-lamp-like orbs of yours—but to return to business. You

know, of course, we pay more for sublimity than for wit? In fact, wit has quite gone out. Takes too long to understand, they say. No demand for it. But we should like a few sublime passages which the audience could carry away and misquote the next day and perhaps the day after.

H.C.—Ah, you want sublimity? Natural, quite natural (pauses, finger to forehead as usual, and turns on the twin searchlights). Listen! Enter the Junior Hero, about to make an awful sacrifice. He swallows three glasses of cold cochineal-water, exclaiming, er, exclaiming—yes, here it is—exclaiming, “Liquor, thou father of lies, I drink down thy devils to help me.” What about that for a quotation on the higher scale? Think of the applause! Let me give you another passage.

S.M.—No, no; for pity’s sake, not another word, sir. Horror and emotion overcome me as it is. No more shilling claret on my wife’s birthday after that! But, just to return to business—with your permission, of course—what about the title of the great play? We’ve not come to that yet, you know, have we? It might be well to have a title of some sort. Don’t you think so? Of course, “A New Play by Hall Caine,” ought to be enough for ‘em. But our people are old-fashioned and have their prejudices. In fact I was instructed to bring a list with me and beg of your acceptance of any of them free of copyright. Here they are:—“The Blunderbolt,” “Captain Bradshaw’s Brass Buttons,” “The Poisoned Bride or Mr. Sidney Grundy At Home,” “Ducks, Drakes and Drivel,” lent by Mr. Bernard Shaw, for this occasion only; “Knock, Ring and Shout, or the London Errand Boy,” lent by Mr. Pinero.

H.C.—Have done! Enough! You shall be treated better than you deserve. You shall share my confidence and, with an outline of the play before you, guess the Title for yourself. First, then, there are two heroes. Two was a minimum because they are required to quarrel about the heroine. I hope that is clear. Next, as usual in all my pieces, the scene is laid in the Isle of Man—“Ellen Vannin,” and that sort of thing, you know. Mr. Bradshaw and my friend Mr. Sims, have both been badgering me to try some other *locale*. But the Isle of Man answers very well, so I don’t mean to give in too soon. As the heroes are fire-eaters, so the heroine is a little tremulous gleam of sunshine—just for contrast, of course—

S.M.—M’yes, I see. But to return to busin—

H.C.—(*quickly, in a loud voice*) And the heroes are brothers, too. But they *don’t know it*—haven’t an inkling, in fact. Clever, eh? One of them runs away from the island just as the other gets there. The runaway becomes a policeman in a foreign land and rises, on the wave of a revolution, to the rank

of President. In France? No; I though you might ask that. The place is situated in that part of Central America which lies nearest to Sicily. The President writes home to invite the heroine to come out and marry him. She has, meanwhile, become engaged to his brother and rival. What does she do? Why, at the call of duty, sir, she jilts the brother, packs her box, and is off to the President's palace before you can say "Elizabeth." And off she goes, the brother after her. As he has no money, the question arises. How does he get to foreign parts? Very puzzling. No, he doesn't *swim* there. Exactly how it is done is known to ME alone. However, he is next met with as he comes stalking into the palace (time, 9.17 a.m.) M. le President being out, there is a stormy scene between the brother and Mme. la Presidente. She begs him to be generous. "Look, upon me knees, before High Heaven," etc. "No," he replies with manly emotion, "it cannot be, nevah, nevah again as of yore!" So out he goes and lets off a counter-revolution, which unseats the President and lands the pair of them in jail for the night. Then they are both sent to work as slaves at Bryant & May's sulphur-mines in Sicily—that's why I wanted to keep near Sicily, you observe. Here the rejected lover saves the President's life when overcome with the fumes of a newly opened mine. Think of it, ye rich, when ye buy your twopenny-a-dozen packets of matches! Think of the slaves that make them! Let the schoolboy think of it, furtively lighting his woodbine, and forestall the policeman!

"Oh, when ye seek your high-born pillows,
Think, just think of those poor fellows,
Loading sulphur on to barrows,
Fettered by the leg."

This is the finest scene in the play. To say nothing of the gorgeous limelight effects, it brings on the climax of the plot. For just as the President is rescued, more dead than alive, Bryant & May, hearing a noise of approaching soldiers, L., stop swearing and as one man take to their heels, R., leaving the President in the arms of his deadly enemy, best friend, and near relative, in the centre of the stage. Sublime effect, sir. The audience laugh and cry hysterically by turns; they know now who's who. Then suddenly the castle bell begins to toll. Eh? "Who told the sexton?"—it's a castle, I mean a palace, not a church. But the President can't see his wife—he is *blind*. So he and she, the Junior Hero, three naval officers, and a priest, play catch-as-catch-can—no, blind-man's-buff, I mean—round a round table till the curtain falls. Happy ending, you see. Now, I ask you, what about the title?

S.M.—One moment ! A sulphur mine— a sweet heroine— a familiar childish pastime. What do you say to "Brimstone and Treacle, or Who's Who" ?

H.C.—(making a gesture of despair). What, have you no imagination ? Did you never write an advertisement ? The name of the play is "The Bandsman," sir, and as "The Bandsman" it shall be cherished by posterity till cannons are used as chimney-pots and battleships converted into bakers' ovens. To obviate misunderstanding, I make the Junior Hero shout the name out in the sulphurous scene, so that the audience may hear.

S.M.—I see. Just like a charade. But couldn't you make him ring a bell when he shouts ?

H.C.—(regretfully). Impossible, I fear. You see, we have already had one bell scene. Why, at Fulham Theatre they had a whole peal. The gallery must have bells and explosions, and I mean to see that the gallery is satisfied—in fact I play to it myself on my big drum. Besides—(exit Stage Manager)—Hi ! Come back ! What in the name of cheques are you about ? Return, thou money-bag whom I, in my folly, mistook for a gentle reviewer ! Return to business ! But cannot I too run ? Why not ! ?

"Fly, dearest," shrieked false Lady Kate,
 "I'll guard thy money-box,
 My father's at the postern gate,
 And with his heels he knocks and knocks,
 Hark, sweetheart, how he knocks !"
 Full of it, simply full of it !

Exit in pursuit of Stage Manager.

ALPHONSE FOREFINGER.

A FEW DAYS IN DORSETSHIRE.

* * *

IF the first view of Dorsetshire is obtained from the shores of Hampshire, the dominant feature is the great whale-back ridge known as the Purbeck Hills, the most characteristic point being the conical peak of Creech Barrow, its cap of Bagshot Sand forming a contrast to the rounded Chalk Downs close to it. If the day is somewhat misty, the beauty of the scene is enhanced, for the dimness causes the Purbecks to appear as distant mountains, and the imagination can fill in all details. Crossing over in one of the steamers which make

frequent journeys across Poole Harbour, we soon reach Swanage, "lying" (as Thomas Hardy puts it,) "snug within two headlands, as between a finger and thumb." The "finger" is the noble chalk down ending in Ballard Head, with the detached masses of the Old Harry Rocks lying slightly to the north of it, just off the Foreland, which has been curiously excavated out by sea and rain into buttresses with recesses between them. A break in the regular arrangement of the lines of stratification shows where there is what looks like a large crack, in reality an "overthrust" or "reversed fault," in which, during some far-off period of earthquake, one part has been pushed up over another, causing a dislocation. It can easily be seen that the layers on one side are arranged vertically, while a little distance from the opposite edge they are quite horizontal. To represent the "thumb" is a low headland, projecting out for some distance as an edge of bare rock (Purbeck marble), over which may be seen a continual narrow line of foam.

Landing, and continuing round the coast, one can proceed by the prettily wooded cliff walk to Durlston Head. These grounds are very picturesque, and the paths leading down to the water through the arched boughs of evergreen trees are most impressive on a moonlight night, when the lights from the Needles and St. Catherine's Point are seen flashing in the distance. Round the headland, with its large stone globe, are the caves of Tilly Whim, old quarries of Portland stone, long disused, which once formed fine storehouses for the smugglers who used to frequent the Dorset coast. The entrance is by a tunnel, just long enough to make it seem as if one were reaching the regions of

"Tantalus in his eternal thirst
Still reaching at the fruit he may not grasp,"

Sisyphus, and other restless shades of the underworld, before one issues on a broad platform, with high rocks and huge boulders on one side, and on the other the

"Iron coast and angry waves;
You seem to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the windy wall."

Proceeding along the coast, in course of time St. Aldhelm's (commonly corrupted into St. Alban's) Head is reached, after passing Dancing Ledge, over which the water is said to rush with a peculiar dancing motion in certain states of wind and tide. Here there is a small Norman chapel, dedicated to St. Aldhelm, in which services are still held on alternate Sundays for the benefit of the coastguards. Slightly further

on is a cleft in the rocks, and Chapman's Pool lies between high dark cliffs of Kimmeridge clay, which is extremely shaly and fissile. Remains of long past ages are to be found in the numerous Ammonites embedded in it, which are to be seen lying about in all directions. There are also many shells, chiefly belonging to oyster-like molluscs.

Going inland and returning to Swanage by the tiny village of Worth, with its interesting Norman church, and on between the quarrymen's stone huts, we get a splendid distant view of Corfe Castle, a grand ruin standing on a steep little hill, an island carved out from the chalk ridges between which it now lies by the action of the two little streams at its base. It seems almost impossible, looking at the tiny brooks, to conceive that they could have channelled out such a deep ravine. Corfe is full of historic memories. Here the young Saxon Edward was stabbed in the back by his stepmother's orders when he was drinking a stirrup-cup at the Castle gateway. John left twenty-two of his nobles to languish in these dungeons, besides keeping Prince Arthur's sister there for some while. Edward II. and Richard II. each spent some time here before passing to the castles in which these unhappy monarchs finally disappeared. During the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century it was nobly defended by Lady Banks, and long resisted the attacks of the Parliamentary forces, until betrayed from within. A little village of grey stone nestles at the foot of the protecting castle and hill.

Another lovely spot on the Dorset coast is West Lulworth, with its beautiful Cove, always full of clear blue-green water, scooped out of the chalk beds, and guarded at its narrow opening by hard Jurassic limestone. In these latter rocks, a little to the east, is the famous "fossil forest," with the petrified stumps of trees still standing upright, covered over with bosses of stone, or hollowed out into basins.

On the other side of the Cove is Stair Hole, with its wonderfully contorted layers of rock, bent and crushed as if some mighty giant had squeezed them up in his hand in the way a man might a pile of papers. Here the Portland and Purbeck Beds have let the water through only in several holes, while the beds behind have been hollowed out much like a miniature copy of the Cove. Through these arches, especially the smaller ones, the sea rushes in marvellous ways over ledges of rock. First a clear stream of water will flow outwards underneath the main mass. Then comes a big wave, and in the narrow gap the water rises a couple of feet or so above its former level, swamps the tiny seaward flowing water-

fall, dashes over the ledge, and under the calmer water beyond. Thus alternately one way and the other the water streams; one minute all is clear and placid, the stony bottom being clearly visible through the green sea—the next all is foaming confusion. The light and glimpses of ships seen through the holes are wondrously beautiful. All around lie boulders and masses of stone swept here by the heavy tides—many of them coated with lovely little crystals of calcite. The soft pretty coloured Wealden clays make a pleasing background, entirely closing in this tiny bay, which is fair enough to have belonged to Prospero's magic island.

Another delightful Dorsetshire corner is the once flourishing seaport town of Wareham—now a sleepy inland village. It was a Roman settlement, and is surrounded on three sides by an earthen rampart with traces of masonry at its core, and on the fourth protected by the River Frome. The sea has now receded (it would perhaps be more accurate to say that the land had been pushed up) and Poole Harbour is quite a long way off.

With only a few days at one's disposal, no time is left to visit the other charming spots in this grand old Wessex county, Sherbourne with its ruined Abbey and memories of St. Aldhelm, Weymouth, Lyme Regis (with its Lias rocks—the clays of which are so full of iron pyrites that spontaneous combustion has sometimes occurred in the cliffs near containing many well preserved specimens of Ammonites), Portland, Dorchester, and all the other places immortalised by Thomas Hardy. Still, such a short stay leaves the refreshed student longing to return at some later time to delve deeper into the joys of William Barnes' land, perhaps in the warmer weather, when

"Wi' Spring a-gone there come behind
Sweet Zummer, ja'y ov ev'ry mind,
Wi' feâce a-beamén to beguile
Our weáry zouls ov ev'ry twéil."

Only then there will be too many tourists!

K. C. B.

ON DIT: ❧

* * *

THAT cutting lectures is now being atoned for by first-form impositions.

THAT corporal punishment will soon be making itself felt.

THAT a certain lady student objects strongly to a ditty recounting the fate of a poor fellow who has "gone to rest."

THAT the ruling dignitary of Benares was "done in" by Warren Hastings—Room 20 thought it was rajah hard luck.

THAT it is not good form to make surreptitious noises.

THAT the anchor's weighed—at least it went down well.

THAT the painter of the "Roll Call" would have done well in Room 29 on Thursdays and Fridays.

THAT she would have painted in silence—perhaps.

THAT "Ode to Jerry Bach" and "Nobbler's Last Lap" are prospective titles of two classical poems.

THAT Ulysses by means of a skin of wine intoxicated Polyphemus and *blinded* him—a natural result.

THAT the hero afterwards visited the lower world to see his friends, and found them—well, hot stuff.

THAT two late marks do *not* count more than one attendance.

THAT it is only natural that a fall of money should draw forth strains of "We want our Grant."

THAT the Penny Postal System to U.S.A. is to be introduced shortly—P.S. please copy.

THAT at Tennis we invariably watch a style that won't come off.

THAT the distribution of sweets is conducive to good order.

THAT a Junior is getting on a thesis on this.

THAT interviews, sundry haulings, suspensions from lectures, etc., etc., have been plentiful of late.

THAT tin-can and brass-pin obligatos are to lecturers as jam is to quinine.

THAT P.S. in Summer weather doesn't act.

THAT the birthday party did come off, but the refreshments, and carriages at 8—as advertised in the butterfly case—didn't.

THAT when all else fails, mathematicians can fall back on chair mending.

THAT some students taking the drawing exam. were not looking at the models from the same level as the inspector.

"TOPICAL CRITICISMS." X X

+ + +

WE have all heard of the transmigration of souls. Now the Gee-gees have turned into Terriers. Even MacDougall cannot explain this.

A certain member of the staff recently asked "Do you know what I'm talking about?" Some people *do* expect a lot.

At Tennis the loud shouts of "Deuce" are not sufficient to drown the soft murmers of "Love."

The following is a heading from the *Daily Wail* :—

"Southampton Common Flooded Last Night." On investigation the cause of the trouble was found to be a doormat in a ditch. Has this anything to do with the recent conundrum, "What would you do if I fell into a ditch?"

On a careful perusal of the sports entries we find a certain name Heddon each event.

How long has the Tug of War been a one man show? Since "Oireland" came to Hartley we presume. We hope he will pull in no "half-hearted" fashion.

A professional of the famous Hampshire County Cricket Club, while watching a no less famous College in the field, was heard to remark that there was *some* disease about, but it was not "catching."

"We have the relics of a tail and the muscles for wagging it," a certain student waggishly informed us one Sunday afternoon. Will he kindly note that like a famous brand of soap, this tale won't wash?

A learned lecturer, on a recent Tuesday, cheered his listeners up by the remark, "nothing must interfere with the luncheon hour of the students." Could not his distinguished collaborator be persuaded to—er—consider this question—er the next day?

Much zeal has been expended by some students working for the sports. By a strange coincidence they are always more energetic when they have lectures off.

It is said that fish is good for the brain. In view of the coming "Certif." seniors are recommended to try a fried shark now and then.

The other evening the "Gentlemen Gee's" were carrying out intricate evolutions at the Drill Hall without the aid of the "Mighty Voice,"—a tin whistle and various acrobatic feats being substituted. A bystander was heard to remark, "The army is requested not to get lost."

The senior men are becoming very generous. The "gas" so freely served out in the mornings is sometimes returned in the evenings.

The supposed case of diphtheria the other day caused great excitement. In fact some of the Hostel students became so excited that they "gargled" with water instead of Sanitas.

A certain member of the College staff appeared one morning in "mufti," and was mistaken for a student by certain others. That's the worst of having so many "Sandows" in the College.

S.A.R.C.

TWO YEARS WITH THE G's. X X

* * *

I do not wish to minimise the *esprit de corps* inculcated in me as a boy, nor do I wish to treat as trivialities the various manœuvres I performed as a unit of a cadet corps, for there is no doubt that given different material, different results accrue from the same training. My teachers tried hard to instil into my heart a little of that martial spirit so characteristic of our race, and I believe I had a certain amount of soldierly instinct lying latent somewhere, but it would never assert itself. Whether this instinct was transmitted by a process of heredity I am unable to testify, for although I descend from an ancient stock I can only trace my ancestry back two generations. Still I have good reasons for supposing my father a warlike man, but in me this characteristic lies dormant. Only once, and then before my convictions were matured, did I ever give vent to a military remark, and that was in reference to the Gordon Boy who had come to carry our luggage to the station, when, although only five years old, I noticed the smart appearance of his field-cap and expressed myself accordingly. Father never thought an invader need have much fear of me, and to tell the truth, he was right, but I never said so. However I determined that if the occasion arose I would show my patriotism in a practical form, and so on entering college grasped the chance which presented itself. Here I would be isolated from the criticism of relatives, I thought, and could be a volunteer without my friends seeing me. I am afraid this is a poor spirit and mention it reluctantly. Of course the chance of improving an already massive physique lent additional weight to my motives.

After being sworn in, in more senses than one, I was subjected to a rigorous recruit's course at the rate of two drills a day. First one sergeant and then another exercised us, until the whole of the sergeant's mess suffered from sore throats. One plucky individual was undaunted in spite of hoarseness and in earsplitting and jarring voice persisted in putting us through various manual evolutions. I am sure no one could distinguish a syllable. All I could understand was "Tar-r-r Arms, Tar-r-r Arms," and it was only by imitating those in front that I managed to follow and appear more or less smart.

Throughout my recruit's course I suffered from an abnormal appetite, and the little encouragement placed before me when I arrived at my diggings was enough to make one dizzy. Whether my landlady took me for a species of bee or not I

cannot say; the table was always decked with flowers, but what is the good of flowers to a hungry man? So when out I often purchased apples and carried them in my pockets for emergencies. Very often after a good feast I would have to drill, and how I managed to finish my exercises remains a mystery. The bending nearly killed me and the aching at the knees was terrible. All my aspirations of cultivating a neatly attired person were dashed to the ground in those short weeks, and I reconciled myself to my fate. However, my state of chrysalis at last came to an end and I was declared efficient.

My raptures at receiving my suit of khaki were unbounded. I donned the clothes instantly and paraded before the glass, adjusting and re-adjusting my hat, feeling as proud as a Field Marshal. I remained at the mirror a full half hour, and gradually the æsthetic attraction seem to falter. I seemed by a slow process to be reduced from a Field Marshal to a common soldier, and from a common soldier to a scarecrow. When I arrived at that stage I could bear it no longer, and hearing approaching footsteps fled for shelter to the bathroom. With a good deal of persuasion I showed myself and it was only the lenient treatment I received that gave me courage to venture into the streets. When I set out for my first company drill it was dark, and I did the distance from our house to the Drill Hall in double-quick time. Once inside the Hall I felt fairly safe, and I went through my drill that night with renewed energy and vigour. It seemed rather big to return from drill in company with fellow-volunteers in uniform, and I felt calm until I was left to do the rest of the journey alone. I was swaggering along complimenting myself on the advantages of having few girl acquaintances in the locality, when on turning a corner I suddenly came into contact with one of them. Although extremely sensitive and nervous I braced myself together to meet the smiling oncomer, but had not gone two steps when something inexplicable happened. Whether I was pushed or fell I cannot say, but my legs seemed to give out suddenly, my back folded itself, and down I came with a clatter. I dared not stop to investigate or to offer any explanation, and before I was aware of the fact I was tearing round the first bend with a rifle in one hand and my hat in the other leaving in the rear a cloud of dust that must have hid me from view. When once on the move I maintained a steady canter, for the derisive cheers and cries of "Stick it, Jerry!" and "Are the soldiers coming out, sir?" made it obvious that a halt was dangerous, so I increased my pace and, perspiring abundantly, reached home exhausted. After many similar experiences of this sort I began to get used to the

life and bore the rude remarks of cynical friends with composure.

The time for Camp soon came round and although its anticipation did not provoke me to enthusiasm, I was curious to experience its vicissitudes. It was a hot day in July when we started to march from Southampton to Lyndhurst. We were soon passing through crowds who cheered lustily. Some had gathered to see their soldier boys off and I felt somewhat thankful to think I had left my relatives far behind. On the march to camp I was fully equipped in marching order, and before I had walked many miles the strain began to tell on me. On entering camp I must have presented a pretty spectacle, for in common with most men, who with baggage on their backs resembled camels, I was limping badly. That night, in spite of the persistent efforts of a certain individual who endeavoured to impress us with his wakefulness by a continuous repetition of "Good night boys!" I managed to sleep for an hour or so. I was rudely awakened by the upsetting of a bowl of water which had been placed in the centre of the tent for the morning, and by the hideous drum and fife band. I felt as though I had slept on cobble-stones in a gas-meter. Next day being Sunday, we had an easy time, so after the Church Parade we cast lots for Orderly duties and made our way to the Y.M.C.A. tent, or slept to make up for the previous night. I slept, and luckily too, for it was the only decent sleep I had in camp. On the morrow we were hauled out of tents soon after sunrise. Several of us however had already crawled out of canvas and strolled about in a saturated atmosphere, to escape from the aroma pervading the camp. When assembled that morning, the Adjutant declared we were under martial law, which instantly recalled to my mind lurid pictures of degradation, and I wondered how this military despotism would affect me. Our company spent the day in exercise and manœuvres, and once or twice we were admonished by the colour-sergeant for our clumsiness and incompetency (I omit the exact terms used).

The two following days were spent in fighting an imaginary enemy, as preliminary to the real test which proved to be an attack on Beaulieu. The officers enjoyed the fun, apparently, for they yelled "Blaze away at them, boys!" Seeing nothing to blaze at, I informed my superior in command. "Never mind" "he said" "Blaze away and made a noise." I took his advice, and the noise I made seemed to satisfy him.

It was in one of these imaginary attacks that I stuck in a bog and had to be hauled out, much to the amusement of my comrades, one of whom remarked that I looked like a "piec

of chewed string." By the Thursday I was beginning to feel hungry, which was not to be wondered at, considering I had lived for five days on ginger beer and Garibaldi biscuits, but I was told to cheer up, as polonies and eggs were to be served out before we made our final advance on Beaulieu. I have always regarded polonies with suspicion since reading "The Jungle," and I never sit down to this type of surprise-packet for fear of discovering some relic not necessarily confined to the animal kingdom. However, as we marched out of Camp I accepted the polony tendered to me together with two packets of blank cartridges; on the road I readily found a recipient for the food stuff, and further on I was relieved of my cartridges.

That day will ever be memorable as the hardest day's work of my life. We arrived in the field two hours after noon just in time to take part in a skirmish, and all felt glad when the bugles sounded "Cease Fire." By four o'clock we were again in the thick of the fray, and the G. Company covered themselves with glory by keeping up a ceaseless fire in a downpour of rain. When the "Advance" was sounded we dashed down the slope and before we could stop ourselves were precipitated into a ditch. We sprang out of the ooze and slush, and charged up the hill with great agility, anticipating the glitter of bayonets, but to our surprise found the enemy already concentrated in divisions preparatory to retiring, for the fight was over and we had won. It was arranged that we should bivouac for the night in a neighbouring field. After being allocated to our respective quarters, we drank our accustomed ginger beer and made off to warmer surroundings. We soon had a huge bonfire blazing, and gathering round this with the Winchester College Company we entertained the campaigners with topical songs.

The ground being sodden with the recent rain, it was decided that we should return to camp; so gathering our accoutrements we set off on our midnight march. Although thoroughly worn out we dragged our aching limbs along and were soon crossing Beaulieu Heath. Whilst on the march one became forgetful of weariness, but it seemed agony to change the pace or to halt. This no doubt is owing to the constant and uniform motion which becomes merely mechanical and renders the walker unconscious of the physical efforts put forward. On one occasion I must have slept during the march, for a halt was ordered, but all I could recall was being aroused and urged on. I had not the faintest recollection of lying down.

We arrived in camp early in the morning and after the inevitable drink dropped down like logs to sleep. It was

computed that we marched twenty-six miles that day and considering that we were novices and hindered in our movements by excessive burdens, it was not a bad performance. We were roused at 6 a.m. and by 8.30 a.m. were again on the march. Fortunately we had little to do that day and returning to our tents in the afternoon remained inactive until our departure to Southampton.

I returned from Camp a hardened soldier, and after a few days' rest and good feeding felt none the worse for my experience. I have now completed my volunteer's course and bidding farewell wish Mr. Haldane's scheme the success which it deserves.

S. P.

THE PASSING OF THE FLOWERS.

✧ ✧ ✧

The daffodils are fallen long ago,
Where once they were weeping with heads hung low,
The grass has grown in the water-meadow.

The rose and its rival alike are dead,
The lily has gone from the river-bed,
And the down is blown from the thistle-head.

The thrift-tufts prostrate disfigure the shore,
The gorse-blaze is quenched on the hills, no more
Blooms the wayside thyme on the mountains hoar.

Whirls down the snow on the uplands faster,
Making the ice-falls, fiercer and vaster,
Dash down the ravines of alabaster.

Drives down the drift of the ocean shouting,
Harries the land with hurricane-spouting,
Blasting the hopes in the heart-mould sprouting.

Season of sadness when death is most rife,
And the last fair flower is the human life,
And the soul despairs in the midst of strife,

Hearing a sound as of fairy-swung bells,
A sad muffled peal as of churchyard knells,
Slowly dirged upon dry-husked immortelles.

A.E.

EXAM. TIPS. ✕ ✕

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[The following hints were handed to us by an expert of long experience in *taking* exams., who has sat three times a year for a certain well-known examination ever since we knew him. We do not usually publish criticisms at the head of articles, but we simply feel bound to say that about the value of his remarks, *there can be no two opinions*.—ED.]

In an exam., the important thing is not what you know, but what you can make the examiner believe you know. Thus, in answering a question about the battle of Waterloo, boldly quote some well known person on the subject—Swedenborg or Adam Smith would do in this case. The odds are that the examiner hasn't read them, and such an allusion would doubtless make an impression on him.

If there is a question that you know nothing at all about, leave it till last, and then explain that you have no time to finish.

By giving numerous reasons why time is wanting—paper too long, other questions too difficult—too many ideas to choose from, etc., and concluding by a neatly turned compliment to the examiner, you *may* get credit for something.

Another way of tackling an awkward point is to write very illegibly; the examiner will not trouble to decipher your scrawl, and will probably attribute the speed of writing to the too rapid flow of thought. This, however, is a dodge which should only be resorted to in extreme cases.

If you feel incapable of writing an essay on a given subject, try the quasi-humorous tone. Say that you have been scratching your pate for half-an-hour without internal result; that you are surprised at such a subject being set in such hot weather; that you really feel too fagged to attempt it, don't you know, and so on. This will put the great man into a good humour; or you can start all right and work in, apparently by accident, a theme that you do know something about—the story of Jehoshaphat, for instance, or the action of a Bunsen burner. This is sometimes effective.

Always write a lot about everything. If you can't find anything fresh, repeat what you have just said in different words; it helps to fill up a page or two.

In doing a Roman History paper, quote the views held by Mommsen, if you can invent any; the examiners (especially some) will immediately give you a hundred per cent.

If you are asked to criticise a Greek form, say it is not Attic; this will satisfy most people.

Finally, always make a really fine howler in every paper; the examiner will be amused, and attribute it to the eccentricity of genius.

"SWANK." x x

* * *

WE have heard much of "Swank" in the College lately, following upon the discussion of the subject in the Magazine last session. The controversy has been enriched by valuable contributions from the indefatigable Lit. students, one of whom has ransacked "Notes and Queries" and unearthed the following:—"In Birmingham a man told me that 'swanking' means 'fooling.' In Lancashire I heard that it frequently means 'side'; the 'Lancashire Dialect Glossary' gives 'swanking' (North Lancs.) very large." Mr. Joynson-Hicks used the term in speaking of the conduct of the Radical party in the recent bye-election. The *Daily Mail* a short time ago mentioned that the Liverpool magistrates searched the dictionaries at the court for a definition of the word "swank," but in vain.

In the "Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English," "swank" is found with the meaning to work hard, connected with "swink." In London "swank" is frequently used in the sense of "boasting."

But perhaps "swank" is not an English word at all. Might it not be connected with the German "schwank," meaning wavering or tottering, and referring probably to the mental condition of him to whom it is applied? If we are not mistaken, this meaning has already found its way into Scotch; why not thence into English? Or again, "swank" might claim relationship with another German word meaning a joke or trick. Here at last is material for, say, a D. Lit. thesis.

H.W.H.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

* * *

"TEETOTALERS seem still under the delusion that ginger wine and other home-made wines are harmless beverages. Cases have recently been recorded of port wine being drunk by abstainers in all good faith."—Daily Paper.

As one in early childhood pledged
To abstinence, I've never hedged
Nor left off hating
The very word "intoxicating."

But in my teens, a callow youth,
I learnt with joy the pleasant truth
And aid to virtue,
That home-made wine can never hurt you.

And when most strongly flowed the sap
Within these veins, conceive my rap-
Ture hyperbolic
When port became non-alcoholic.

And now, long come to man's estate,
Developments I keenly wait,
Impatient, very,
To learn the taste of hock and sherry.

And, white with eld, I yet may see
(Though temperate still) the day when tea
And such-like messes,
Shall yield a place to B-and-S's!

E.H.W.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

* * *

WITH many thanks we beg to acknowledge the receipt of one or more copies of the following:—*The Sphinx* (Liverpool), *The Gryphon* (Leeds), *The Gong* (Nottingham), *The Phoenix* (Royal College of Science), *The Students' Magazine* (Royal Albert Memorial College), *Q.C.B.* (Belfast), *Q.C.C.* (Cork), *The Goldsmithian*, *The Wintonian*, *The Dragon* (Aberystwyth), *The Caermarthian*, *Cap and Gown* (Monmouth).

Of the above magazines *The Gryphon* is, in our humble opinion, far and away the best. No doubt the size of Leeds

University partly accounts for the high standard of its official organ; but when one considers that *The Gryphon* appears monthly, its excellence argues no lack of support. It is strange to find in such a production a wail from an anonymous correspondent complaining of the decline in the social life of the University.

In these strenuous times, when complaints of overwork find their way even into the pages of our own Magazine, the Leeds students have screwed their courage to the sticking place and petitioned the powers that be for a *half-holiday in the middle of the week*. According to a telepathic "report" published in *The Gryphon* all the members of the Senate were in favour of concession, but each voted against his convictions, lest the students, encouraged by a unanimous vote, should be over bold in asking for more. But the authorities will give the matter their serious consideration—next session. Perpend, Hartleyans, and be thankful for present mercies!

The sympathy of all will be extended to the students at Leeds in another matter. Their Common Room has apparently been impounded by the authorities for use as a classroom, and replaced by an iron structure of the type known to the vulgar as a "tin tabernacle," for which certain guileless visitors have mistaken it. If the hymns sung within this edifice are anything like those sung in a C.R. well known to the writer the visitor must have been quickly disillusioned.

Cap and Gown is another model students' magazine, readable both by collegians and the general public. The contents are well varied, serious articles alternating with dainty verse and topical doggerel, as demandeth the ancient and honorable tradition of college magazines. Upon a poem in Welsh we are unable to comment, having no tame interpreter within call of the Sanctum. This effusion is not the only evidence of the patriotism of *Cap and Gown*; an article by one of the professors points out the necessity of Celticizing all members of the staff. "It is the students' business," he says, "to make his professors Welsh." We wonder whether the latter are expected to become Nonconformists as well.

An anonymous contribution sub-headed "On being a Bad Boy" runs: "We are all too serious at College; we work too hard, and are dull boys." Anonymous contributor, we quite agree with you. How many students have we seen, their heads tied up in a towel, spending the flying hours of their young lives over the student's "Handbook," gasping forth their fleeting breath in debates of national import, and wasting the vigour of their youth in dull yet heroic strife on the

Common Room floor? And yet when we strive to break the monotony of this academical existence, and lift up our voices in joyful melody, a bolt descends from the deep, violet blue above us, and lo! where are we? But we will not pursue this painful theme.

The Gong presents us with another bright, readable issue. We regret, however, to notice that the delectable institution known as P.S. is treated therein with misplaced levity. Instead of being thankful for the facilities afforded for hard reading, so greatly appreciated by students of other institutions (blush not, gentle readers), the Nottinghamites seem to look upon P.S. (which they translate as Prime Sport or Pleasant Sleep) as a period best utilized by ornamenting desks and by similar trivialities. O *Gong*, we are surprised at you! We could a tale unfold about P.S., *as we know it*—but we will refrain, and trust you will learn better some day.

The Sphinx appears fortnightly, and consists of thirteen pages, of which five are taken up by full reports of cricket and tennis matches. Apparently sport enters largely into the curriculum of the Liverpoolians. Plates of football and hockey teams are presented with each number; these tend to give it a permanent value. We quote, however, a fine effort from the pen of a doggerel bard:—

"The medical rules of McKenna
Prescribe for the school-children senna;
For their stomachs he cares,
But as for their prayers
He says they may go to Gehenna."

It might be Tennyson, only it is so different.

The Dragon regrets that St. David's Day was not marked by the usual combined soirée this year, and expresses the wish that next time the ancient Aber. tradition will be adhered to in the ancient Aber. fashion. But surely, men of Aber., a soirée is a very feeble way of celebrating such an important festival. Judging from the odoriferous enthusiasm of all the Hartley Welshmen some years ago, when they were in greater force than at present; forming an opinion from the joy with which they frizzled leeks on the C. R. stove to the offence of alien nostrils, and from the look of solemn importance on their faces as they swaggered up the High Street with enormous specimens of the same luscious vegetable in their buttonholes, we should think that a ceremony modelled on the cult of the leek would be much the most suitable method of celebrating St. David's Day. A leek supper, for instance, to consist solely and entirely of leeks—leek soup, leek steaks, leek tops *à la diable*, etc.—would undoubtedly

impress the memory of their patron saint on all good Celts with unprecedented force, and silently but unmistakably proselytize all their friends and enemies for the next week. Such an orgie would also weed out all half-hearted patriots. We commend the idea to the notice of our contemporary.

On the whole, all the magazines that have come under our notice give evidence of much *esprit de corps*. The reports of clubs and societies are brightly and chattily written, rarely degenerating into the bald narrative of a bored secretary doing a perfunctory job. We do not, however, often find reports of the doings of old students. Surely the further prowess of the whilom heroes of the fray deserve a place in every college magazine!

PLANTS OF THE PAST. ❧ ❧

♦ ♦ ♦

THE student of human affairs — social, political, legal, ethical, religious—can only properly understand present-day conditions by turning over the records of the past. It is becoming more and more apparent that the same consideration applies to the student of plant and animal life. Palaeo-zoology has long formed an important and essential branch of Zoology, but it is only during recent times that the study of fossil plants has come to be regarded as an equally important and essential part of the work of the botanical student. That Botany has lagged behind Zoology in this respect is due to several causes. For one thing, whole groups of plants which must have existed in early periods of the earth's history are scantily represented, or not represented at all, by fossils, simply because they had no hard parts to leave behind. Moreover, until recent years our knowledge of plants of past ages was practically confined to impressions and casts, which though beautiful enough—as a glance at the fossil ferns in our own Museum will show—do not afford much information to the student of plant-structures.

The first great advance in our knowledge of fossil plants came when specimens were discovered which revealed the internal structure on being cut into thin slices and examined with a microscope. It is gratifying to our national pride to know that by far the most important discoveries regarding the minute structure of ancient plants have been due to the labours of British botanists, though good work in this field has also been

done by French, American, and German observers. The *doyen* of British Palaeo-botany was the late Prof. Williamson, of Manchester. In every sense, the mantle of this distinguished worker has fallen on his collaborator in the remarkable series of papers on the plants of the Coal Measures which appeared in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society—Dr. D. H. Scott, F.R.S., whose splendid results may almost be said to have revolutionised our knowledge and our views regarding the relationships of the great groups of higher plants. Dr. Scott's work is embodied in his "Studies in Fossil Botany," based on a course of lectures given at London University. This wonderful book, first published as a single volume, is now being re-issued, with much additional matter, in two volumes, the first of which has just appeared.*

This clearly-written and beautifully illustrated book appeals to all students with some previous elementary knowledge of Botany. It is impossible to gain an adequate conception of the affinities of the higher plants without studying the characters of the fossil plants which bridge over the gaps between the existing types and families. In the case of the Vascular Cryptogams, it is no exaggeration to say that the importance and interest of the living forms are eclipsed altogether by the wonderful discoveries made in Fossil Botany, which are fully described in Dr. Scott's invaluable book. The barrier which has hitherto separated the "Flowering" from the "Flowerless" plants has been almost completely broken down by Scott's own discovery of the existence of seeds in the extinct giant club-mosses (*Lepidodendron*), and it now appears that many, probably most, of the familiar leaf-impressions formerly ascribed to fossil Ferns belonged to a family of plants which had seeds and which combined in an extraordinary fashion the characters of "Flowering" plants and of Ferns. The present volume does not, however, deal with this wonderful transition group, our knowledge of which is due largely to Dr. Scott's researches. Vol. I. is devoted to the fossil Ferns and the allied groups. The present-day plants belonging to these groups are for the most part the puny survivors of once great and stately ancestors which played a prominent part in forming the vegetation of the Coal Forests millions of years ago, before birds or mammals had appeared on the earth.

As already stated, the majority of fossil plant remains are mere impressions or casts—as seen in the shales of Bournemouth and in the well-known "fossil forest" at Lulworth Cove, as well as in the Coal Measure specimens. But the most valuable materials which show the actual internal

*A & C. BLACK, Vol. I., 6/-.

structure—in many cases as plainly as in sections cut by the elementary Botany student in the laboratory—are found in the curious nodules or “coal-balls” which occur in some localities, especially in Yorkshire and Lancashire. In these nodules, consisting usually of carbonate of lime (calcite), the minute structures of roots, stems, leaves, spore-cases, spores, and seeds are beautifully preserved, owing to the replacement of the tissues by the petrifying substance. The air-pores (stomates), and even the nuclei of the cells, are revealed in sections of such specimens, as clearly as in those cut from the stems and leaves of Sunflower and the other botanical “types” used to-day.

The study of fossil plants is included in the syllabus of the B.Sc. London examination, but doubtless its importance will lead eventually to its finding a place in more elementary courses, such as the Intermediate Science and Arts syllabuses.

Anything with the prefix “fossil” has a tendency, at first sight, to repel the general reader and the elementary student. Any subject can be dealt with in a thoroughly “dry” and lifeless style, but it would be just as irrational to shrink from studying the wonderful “records of the rocks” as to adopt the attitude of Mark Twain’s hero who “took no stock in dead folks,” and to remain blind and deaf to the scenes and voices of Mankind’s History.

Scotts “Studies in Fossil Botany” should be on the bookshelves of all genuine lovers of Nature Study. A book of this sort is, apart from its value to the specialist or the advanced student, immeasurably more interesting and instructive than a score of the trashy productions which masquerade as aids to the study of nature.

A COLLEGE IDYLL. x x

v v v

Oh, listen to an idyll of a fascination frantic,
The story of a passion in the highest sense romantic,
Of Cupid and his arrows, and his “disposition antic”
(The last expression being cribbed, for the rhyme, from
Shakespeare).

Young Albert was a student, tall and slim and hazel-eyed,
With golden locks, reminding you of Phœbus in his
pride—

If you're anxious to inspect him, try the Engineering
side

(He was a very decent sort, for an Engineer).

And Phyllis was a studentess, as fair as budding Spring,
With starry eyes, etcetera—the usual sort of thing—
An *ordinary* beauty, such as mop haired poets sing
(Mainly for the edification of the Editorial waste-paper
basket).

They both to the athletic joys of croquet did respond,
And both had read Corelli, which was quite a common
bond,

And both of strawberry ices were inordinately fond
(They were really most *soulful* young people).

And had these fair young things appeared together, he
and she,

You'd have said at once they suited each the other to a T;
But that's a sight that somehow I'm afraid you'll never
see

(For potent reasons to be explained in the next verse).

Now I'm sorry thus in vain your curiosity to whet,
But students, on the whole, they are a law-abiding set,
And these two haven't dared exchange a single word as
yet

(And as long as rules are rules, I don't think they are ever
likely to).

Oh! what a splendid motive out of this I could have
made,

With pastoral descriptions, putting Shenstone in the
shade,

And making all the Watteau, Greuze, and Boucher
pictures fade

(But I fear it's no go, so far).

So here this charming idyll comes abruptly to a halt,
Though sadly lacking interest and point and Attic salt.
I admit it's most annoying, although really not my fault
(But I'll let you know if ever anything further comes of it).

E. H. W.

THE COLLEGE SPORTS. ❧ ❧

* * *

Despite the unfavourable weather, which, as usual, put in an unwelcome appearance at our annual sports, a numerous crowd of gaily-dight spectators assembled at the County Ground on June 16th, to watch the various events run off, for the most part, in a cheerless drizzle of rain.

The proceedings were opened at three o'clock by the Mayor who expressed his pleasure in performing the ceremony. He was glad to find that students of the Hartley were eager for athletic as well as academic distinction, which he thought a good thing for the College. He further alluded to his share in the day's proceedings—the firing of the starting pistol. It is, however, pleasing to record that certain blood-thirsty tendencies displayed in his speech were firmly suppressed throughout the afternoon.

The Lady Mayoress next broke for the first time the new College flag, a handsome piece of red bunting inscribed with the College arms. May it wave as long as Hartleyans are proud of it!

It would be of little use to give here a long description of the various events, since most of our readers were present in person. Suffice it to say that the races were keenly contested and loudly applauded; that the brawny engineers pulled off the tug-of-war as usual; that the cycle races passed off without loss of life or limb; and that all went well generally.

The following are the details of the different events:—

CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS.

- 100 Yards—Jenkins, 1; Heddon, 2; S. P. Heath, 3. Time, 11 2-5th sec.
 220 Yards—Heddon, 1; S. P. Heath, 2; Brooks, 3. Time, 25sec.
 440 Yards—S. P. Heath, 1; Brooks, 2; Heddon, 3. Time, 57min. 1-5th sec.
 1 Mile—Brooks, 1; S. P. Heath, 2; Heddon, 3. Time, 5min. 15sec.
 High Jump—Fooks, 1 (4ft. 8½in.); Morgan, 2; Heath, 3.
 Hurdles—Morgan, 1; King, 2; Heddon, 3.
 Long Jump—King, 1; Brooks, 2; Treston, 3.
 (Ten points were adjudged for first place, five for a second, and three for a third).

Mr. S. P. Heath, with 26 points, thus won the Championship and the Principal's Cup, which he will hold for one year. Heartiest congratulations from everyone on his achievement. He was closely followed by Heddon (24) and Brooks (20 points).

OTHER EVENTS.

100 Yards' Handicap—Heddon, 1; A. Heath, 2. Time, 11 1-5th sec.

Hurdles Handicap—King, 1; Morgan, 2. Time, 19 2-5th sec.

220 Yards' Handicap—King, 1; A. Heath, 2. Time, 27 sec.

440 Yards' Handicap—Thomas, 1; Hambly, 2. Time, 1 min; 1 3-5th sec.

Mile Handicap.—Turner, 1; James, 2.

Half-Mile Cycle—Lunn, 1; Urry, 2. Time, 1 min. 21 2-5th sec.

Mile Cycle—Lunn, 1; Urry, 2. Time, 2 min. 45 sec.

Throwing Cricket Ball—Osman, 1; Turner, 2. Distance, 89 yards 1 foot 11 inches.

Putting the Shot—Mitchell, 1; Osman, 2. Distance, 28 feet.

Potato Race—James, 1; Blake, 2.

Slow Cycle Race—Treston, 1; Lunn, 2.

Three Legged Race—Hambly-Richman, 1; Blake-Hyde, 2.

Tug-of-War—Extra-Departmentals beat Juniors, Engineers beat Seniors.

Final—Engineers beat Extra-Departmentals.

Boys from the Grammar School and Taunton's ably filled many gaps in the programme, Peacock winning the Mile Handicap, Boyce the Half-Mile, Mummery the Quarter-Mile, Wooldridge the Quarter-Mile for boys under 14, Moyle the 100 yards, and McFee the 100 yards for boys under 14.

The Town Band discoursed sweet music throughout the afternoon; airs from "Pinafore," the "Orchid," &c., being among the enchanting strains.

The Athletic events over, the prizes were distributed by Sir Alfred Wills, P.C., J.P., President of the College. The Right Hon. gentleman concluded the ceremony with a happily-worded speech, Athletics and brain-work, he said, usually went together, and he thought that the men who had distinguished themselves that afternoon would doubtless distinguish themselves in other ways. He was sure that the afternoon had proved most enjoyable to everyone, perhaps more so to the spectators than to the men who had been working so hard in the races. He suggested that perhaps one thing was lacking—a motto for the programme; perhaps the following line from Vergil might be suitable, viz.:—"Cuncti adsint, meritaque expectent præmia palmæ"—which, translated into rough English, might be put: "Let the whole lot come, and let the best man win the prize." In conclusion, the Right Hon. gentleman said that the thanks of all were due to Mr. Phillips for the great trouble he had taken in arranging the Sports (cheers).

Three cheers for Sir Alfred, followed by three for Mr. Phillips, brought a pleasant day to an end.

Everyone must, indeed, re-echo the last words of the President's speech. Not only did Mr. Phillips initiate the College Sports two years ago, but he has always borne the greatest share of the onerous functions connected with them. Helped by an energetic Committee, he has spared no pains to make the Sports a success on each occasion. We can assure him, in the name of all the students, that his task has not been a thankless one, and that all Hartleyans are grateful for his whole-hearted work in the service of the College.

The thanks of all are also due to the members of the staff who officiated as judges, stewards, recorders, &c.

It is satisfactory to know that a balance of about five pounds remained over from the Sports Fund, out of which the new College flag was paid for, and that the third Annual Sports have thus proved a financial as well as an athletic success.

SUB-ED.

FOLK MUSIC. ✕ ✕

* * *

THE Annual Joint Meeting of the Literary and Choral Societies was held on June 19th, and was certainly the most successful meeting that these Societies have ever held. Early in the term Professor Clarke had received from Dr. Gardiner an offer of help in the arrangements of a Folk Song Concert, and this offer was gratefully accepted by the Joint Committee of the Societies. Mr. C. J. Sharpe also promised to give an account of Folk Songs, while Mr. Burrows, H.M.I., said he would bring with him a number of teachers to give a demonstration of Folk-Dancing.

The proceedings opened at 4.30 p.m. with a tea for Students and their friends, at which about 140 were present, the Staff being kind enough to give their help. Our visitors were of course royally entertained, and the tea was a complete success. It was given partly from "ancient custom," and—let it be confessed—partly as a "bait."

The concert began at 6, the hall being well filled with visitors, and the balconies with Students and a sprinkling of others.

Sir Alfred Wills, with his usual kind readiness to help in College functions, opened the proceedings, after which Prof. Watkin outlined the programme, and introduced Mr. Burrows. The latter gave an excellent account of the work done in the promotion of Folk-Music in West Sussex, and of the zeal of

young and old in that district, an enthusiasm which, he hoped, would be reproduced in Southampton. He said that, in his district, the children sang out of school as in it these beautiful songs instead of the horrid rubbish now so common, and one could often see children "Folk-Dancing" for their own amusement on the village green. Not the least advantage was the spirit of good fellowship which these songs bred. Mr. Burrows then introduced the Morris Dancers, who gave a delightful display, and also several charming songs. The enthusiastic audience seemed fully to enter into the spirit of the performance; one must suppose, as Mr. Sharpe said later, that it was "in the blood," "Henry Martin," a rollicking sea song, was well rendered by Miss Moore, more Morris Dancing followed—and more applause—and finally the elegant "Morris off," which concluded this part of the entertainment.

Mr. Cecil J. Sharpe then gave a most interesting and instructive account of the origin and growth of Folk-Songs. He compared the song to a story, passed on from mouth to mouth, and altered and added to or subtracted from every stage. Thus the individuality of the song was lost, and it became a reflection of the mind of the nation, and in its final form represented the selective talent of generations; it was the embodiment of the principle of "the survival of the fittest." The English Folk-Song appealed strongly to the English people, and to the English people alone in any great degree, for the reason that the music and the words roused in them that strange indefinable feeling that they had heard it before. He told of the manner in which he had collected these songs, and related several amusing anecdotes, the stories of the "place of refreshment" where they kept only "zoderwaater," and that of Mrs. Overby's beau being especially good. He concluded by showing how good and how easy it would be to introduce these songs into the schools, and by asking the Students to take the matter up.

During the course of this lecture illustrative songs were sung by Miss Mattie Kay in the most delightful and expressive manner imaginable, each song being greeted with storms of applause. "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," "Sailing down the coasts of Barbaree," "No, John!" and "Gently, Johnny!" were the favourites. The repeated demands for *encores* could unfortunately not be satisfied, but one could gauge from the earnestness of the attention of all present the completeness of the control that Miss Kay had over her audience. It was an experience of a kind that the Students collectively have never before enjoyed and they appreciated it accordingly.

When Miss Kay had, to the regret of all, finished her last song, Prof. Clarke announced that classes for the study of Folk-Songs and Folk-Music would be formed during the coming session.—Dr. Richardson then moved a vote of thanks to all those who had taken an active part in the proceedings, and Mr. A. M. Pritchard seconded. This motion having been carried unanimously, Professor Clarke, seconded by Mr. C. T. Smith, moved a similar vote to Dr. Gardiner, who had generously met the expenses of the meeting.

As we have said above, classes are to be formed in the autumn for the study of this subject, and we are extremely pleased to be able to say that Miss Kay has kindly promised to come down during the course. Those Students who wish to attend are requested to give in their names to Prof. Clarke.

The enthusiasm of the Students all through was as remarkable as it was gratifying, and it is to be hoped that it will be not merely ephemeral, but will engender a lasting devotion to a good cause. Many of the seniors will soon be teaching in schools in all parts of England, and they will, we feel sure, strive to form centres for the study of Folk-Song and Folk-Music. As for the juniors, they will surely in the coming session inspire in the new Students a feeling similar to their own, and carry on a movement, which having as its goal the pure and the beautiful, will raise and ennoble themselves, their College, and their nation.

A. M. P.

BOARDING-HOUSE GEOMETRY.

* * *

A pie may be produced any number of times.

A landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A line may be made from any boarding-house to any other boarding-house.

The clothes of a boarding-house bed are such that if produced ever so far both ways they do not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

On the same bill, and on the same side of it, there should not be two charges for the same thing.

PROBLEM.—A segment of a joint being given, to describe the joint of which it is a segment.

All liquids, which coincide with one another, that is, which exactly fill the same space, are equal to one another.

In boarding-house table-linen the hole is greater than the other parts.

A term or boundary is the extremity of anything; a meal is that which is comprised of one or more boundaries.

Irregular figures in a bill are such as can only be explained by straight lies.

Board-house expenses are such that being reduced ever so far in all ways they cannot be met.

If there be two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the other boarder and the landlady, then shall the bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

PROOF.—For if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

D. F.

OLD SOUTHAMPTON DIALECT.

* * *

[We are indebted to the kindness of Professor Masom for the following article, consisting of the introduction to his Glossary of words and phrases to be found in the Court Leet Books of Southampton, between 1550 and 1624, during the reigns of Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth, and James I.]

In the compilation of the Glossary an endeavour has been made to keep the list of words within moderate limits, but at the same time to include all those forms which are likely to be of general interest or which seem to throw light upon the development of the language.

In the first place, those forms have been marked out for selection which give an indication of the pronunciation adopted in Southampton in the period under review, a period which will be seen with some degree of closeness to coincide with the years of Shakespeare's life, 1564—1616. As is well known, the value of sounds, more especially of the vowel sounds, has undergone a considerable shifting and development in the course of the three centuries which have elapsed since then, although the symbols used to represent those sounds have not altered so widely. To take one or two instances, it is fairly certain that the actor who took the part of Hamlet in the year 1603 pronounced the lines

O Heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer,

in such a way that *Heaven*, *beast*, *discourse*, and *reason*, would sound (approximately) like *haven*, *baste*, *discoors* and *raizon*. The word *dog*, to take another instance, was sounded very much more like *dawg* than would be regarded nowadays as correct.

Sodder and *soddering*, for *solder* and *soldering*, show that the *l* was not pronounced, and the same conclusion may be drawn from *defawette* and *defawte*, for *default*. *Causey* for *causeway*, indicates the loss of the *w* in the second syllable. *Halpeny* and *halpens*, for *half-penny* and *half-pence*, show that the *f* was not sounded, although the *l* still was; the process of wearing down had not reached the modern stage of *ha'penny* and *ha'pence*. *Hable* is found for *able*, and the form for *hour* varies between *hour* and *our*, and for *herbage* between *hearbadge*, *herbiges* and *erbadge*. *Heyar* occurs for *heir* (with silent *h*). The forms *pleasuer*, *measuer* point to greater stress on the last syllable than is now laid. We find *beasse* for *beast* (plural), and *clarke*, *advartize*, for *clerk*, *advertize*. The form *stattyutte* shows that, as early as 1551, the sound of the last syllable was *yut*, not *oot*. In the same court leet book, *shurtley* for *surety* points clearly to the modern pronunciation of the initial *s*.

As an illustration of the manifold forms which the same word can assume under the pen of the scribe, we may refer to *butcher* and *bonney*, where the stress vowel, in Elizabethan times, had the value of long *u* (the sound *oo* in *moon*). *Butcher* occurs—and the scribe is playing according to rules of his game—in at least five forms, as *bou-cher*, *bucher*, *bow her*, *bowchar*, *butcher*; while *bonney* has at least eleven, *bonney*, *bouny* *bony*, *boney*, *bonney*, *booney*, *bonie*, *bonye*, *boonye*, *bunney*, and there may be others.

Secondly, it is hoped that all the archaic and obsolete words of the court books have been given a place. The list of such words is not so long as might be expected. The vocabulary of the various scribes contains a very small proportion of forms which have altogether disappeared; certainly not a greater proportion than could be found in the literary masters of the time. Another circumstance that comes out clearly in the list is this—that the number of dialectical and provincial words is strikingly small. The vocabulary to all intents and purposes is that of London, and it may be questioned whether altogether there are a score of words which do not occur, somewhere or other, in the best contemporary models.

Among the words which have absolutely vanished from the language are *anniger*, an official who supervised the measure of cloth, *bardege*, the gable end of a house; *coniger*, rabbit warren; *carvaille*, a fast light vessel of a peculiar kind; *goord*, pool of water; *gordier*, flood; *hellyer*, slater or tiler; *jemoll*, plur. *jemmows*, hinge; *lightten*, *lytten*, churchyard; *meater*, measurer; *ripier*, *seam*, to grease; *spurgung*, shaking; *unhelled*, without slates or tiles (of the roof of a house).

Some words are familiar from their literary associations, although no longer in common use. *Fett*, to fetch, can be found in Chaucer, and *syser*, juror, in *Piers Plowman*. Reminiscent of Shakespeare are *farlell*, bundle; *guarded*, adorned; *fret*, to corrode; *penthouse*; *purfile*, to trim; *sennight*, week; *remorse*, pity; *in grain*, dyed (crimson in 'grain, dyed crimson); while the "hooped pots," alluded to more than once in the court books, conjure up a memory of Jack Cade in "Henry VI."

Those words so ominous to the mediæval mind, *regrater*, *forestaller*, *engrosser*, and the corresponding terms denoting the abuse, *regrating*, *forestalling*, *engrossing*, occur frequently. We come upon *benevolence* (forced loan), *tallage*, *sot* and *lot*, *imposition*, *subsidy* *men*, terms familiar to the student of constitutional history. Some of the names of favourite pastimes have been lost, because the thing itself has vanished: such are *shovelboard* and *nine holes*. *Tables* is better known as backgammon. *Half-bowls* and the *half-bowling alley* are no more, although *bowls* maintains its position and is in rather better company nowadays than it was among the lazy apprentices and "loyterers" who wasted their time over it instead of learning how to shoot (with the bow). *Horse loaves* and *horse bread* are no longer favoured in the stable, and horses are not styled *horse*

beastes. A long list of terms connected with dress will be found on pp. 141-3, where the apparel of the mayor, the aldermen, the sheriffs, the hailiffs, and their wives, on state occasions, is described with great vigor and exactness. Unfamiliar to us are many of the materials employed, *martimes*, fur of the martin, *foyners*, fur made of the skin of the polecat, both of which were used for trimming the mayor's scarlet gown. *Amys*, the fur of the grey squirrel, was reserved for "trayne gownes" of the ladies. Besides these, we hear of *harnes gerdelles*, *tache hookes*, *partlettes*, the last-named being the Elizabethan ruff.

A number of words, or their near kinsfolk, survive in an altered shape. Sometimes it is the older and longer form with which we are familiar; *streit*, to fine, is strange to us, but we recognize *estreat*; so with *syses* (from *assizes*). Sometimes it is the other way about, as with *estopp* and *escour*, from which we derive *stop* and *scur*. *Noyfull*, injurious, has disappeared, but we have *annoy* and *noisome*. *Heckfare* survives in the collateral word *heifer*.

A group of words only exists now as proper names: such are *coward*, cow-keeper; *bowyer*, maker of bows; *ropier*, rope-maker; *shearman*, cloth-cutter; *taverner*, innkeeper; and *shuter*, archer.

Thirdly, the attempt has been made to include all those words, of which there are very many, which are still found in the modern speech, but with a different or modified meaning. The list is a long one. To quote a few: *suffer*, to allow; *allow*, to approve; *censure*, opinion; *collier*, coal dealer; *outbor*, supporter; *convenient*, fitting; *present*, immediate; *lavish*, licentious; *unreverent*, blasphemous; *indifferently*, impartially, as in the phrase "to truly and indifferently administer justice." Sometimes the modern meaning is widely divergent. In the court books we find that a *workhouse* means a factory; a *bearer* is a porter; a *customer* is a Custom House officer; a *footman* is a traveller on foot, so is a *walker* and a *goer*; the *passenger* is the man who works the ferry; a *foreigner* is one from another part of the country; a *viewer* is an inspector; *free shopkeepers* are those who enjoy the freedom of the town; and the "very loytering person" (of 1575-81) is evidently a thoroughly vicious member of society. A *tippler* turns out to be an innkeeper, and a person who "keeps tipping" is merely one with a licence to sell beer by retail. If a man is said to be *painful*, the epithet only means that he is painstaking or laborious; if he "loses his pains," that he has rendered himself liable to a fine, and if he is afflicted with "a limited pain," that the fine is one fixed (or limited) by statute. In 1590-1616 the court jury in "presenting" three revellers, Henry Esmond, Peter Greneway, and Thomas Sutton, for unlawfully playing at howls, describe them as having "used themselves contemptuously," but it is quite clear from the details that their scorn and contempt were directed more against the authorities, especially the Mayor, than against themselves. It is also clear that when the jury of 1604 accused the Beadle above Bar of not doing his duty and fined him two shillings, and, having done so, expressed a desire for his "corporall punishment," they did not propose that penalty which the words at first sight imply.

The writer of the court books has a liking for long adjectives and high-sounding phrases, which give to his commonplace details a touch of unintentional humour. He will speak of a "protest" as an "exclamation;" if the highway has worn away, it must be "exalted" to its former condition; he describes a town ceremonial as "obsequies" and "solemnities," and, in rebuking John Elliott for other things besides gloves, gravely refers to his "science and occupation of glover's craft." Sometimes he is quaint, as when he describes the impression produced upon him by the watch hell of the castle (1579-80); to him it is a "comfortable hearing." Perhaps the best thing in the records is the

story of Peter Quoyle's dog, who is described as an animal between a mastiff and a mongrel with "strong qualtyties by (*i.e.*, in) himself." This "well qualtytyed" dog was allowed to go loose in the streets and make raids on his neighbours, fetching out of their houses "whole peces of meate, as loynes of mutton and veale and such lyke, and a pasty of venison or a whole pounce of candells at a tyme, and will not spoyle it by the way, but cary it whole to his master's howse." So, although he is "a profytable dogg for his master, yet because he is offensyffe to many, yt is not sufferable," and the jury followed up this expression of disapproval by fining Peter 3/4 for every dereliction of duty in the past, and adding a threat of similar treatment for each instance of negligence in the future. As to the fate of the "well qualtytyed" dog the history is silent.

HOSTEL NOTES. X X

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BEVOIS MOUNT.

THIS term the sunny weather has lent itself admirably to social functions—tennis teas, soirées, picnics, R. B., etc. Study is *not* regarded as a social function.

Camping out has proved very successful and enjoyable, but not always safe. A shower of rain at 2 a.m. did not damp the ardour of the campers-out; they only camped out all the 'arder.

A drill class was started by some eminent gymnasts with the object of reducing size, but it was only patronised by the originators themselves at the hours of 6 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. The practice was much too boisterous—at least so an outside reporter said.

Accidents have happened frequently this term, especially punctures on the way home from tennis. One student went so far as to disarrange the wire fencing up the drive. She evidently didn't know that B.M.H. is getting old; even the masonry of the balcony is too unsafe for a hammock.

I feel it my duty to report that our latest vice is tea-drinking, early and late. It would not seem so terrible if it were not for the fact that four were caught in the act. But alas! the offence was repeated.

Botanical excursions have proved a pleasant and profitable recreation for several students. Those who do not undertake these journeys play tennis up here, where for every five minutes spent in playing tennis thirty are spent in finding the balls to go on with.

ENERIE.

BEVOIS MOUNT PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

Mr. Joynton Churchill (L.)

Mr. Winston Hicks (U.)

Liberal majority—3

No, reader! You are assuredly labouring under a misapprehension. Joynton Churchill was never defeated—not at all. On the contrary, he was elected with the astounding majority of 3. Are you still disposed to be sceptical on this point? If so, let me carry your thoughts back to the 24th of April and prove to you how the constituents of Bevois Mount fought their noble fight (memorable for ever in the annals of Parliamentary history) 'twixt liberty and thralldom, reform and reaction, boots

and beer. For on that momentous day the real struggle occurred—the affair which took place some 200 miles distant on the following day was mere child's play, in which the only conclusion proved was the depravity of the British workman who had thought for nothing save beer. Well, on the afternoon of the 24th it became evident to the most casual spectator that the aerial agitation within the precincts of Bevois Mount was even greater than that without, despite the blizzard sweeping over the country. The less casual spectator, if he was of *normal* logical ability, might have drawn deductions from the presence of numerous posters which invited the guileless reader to vote for "Winston Hicks and Fair Trade," or, again, "Joynson Churchill and Less Beer and More Boots." A door smothered in artistic posters proclaimed Winston Hick's committee room. In the near neighbourhood two gamboge loaves, differing enormously in size and flanked by startling statements in revolutionary scarlet (reader, have you an æsthetic eye?) betokened the fact that Mr. Churchill swanked a similar possession.

As the afternoon wore on the heat within and the cold without grew apace. Towards evening a still less casual spectator (Isaac Bickerstaff himself would have been needed) might have observed that both the candidates were absent from the scene of action. They might have been seen some little time afterwards returning by the East Gate (*not* a main entrance) with what looked very like newspapers in their hands. (Swotting politics? of course not!)

Nine o'clock of the evening saw the constituents, arrayed in artistic eiderdowns (for the thermometer was some degrees below zero), assembled in the election hall in serried rows to decide the momentous question. The Chairman, in an opening speech which the Press representative summed up as "perky," explained to the constituents the object of their assembly there, and introduced Dr. Macnamara, the chief supporter of Mr. Churchill. He, the doctor, after much heckling from an unruly Suffragette whom the policeman was unable to eject, paid an eloquent tribute to the business capacities of his friend. He dilated at some length on the superiority of bread over beer, and showed remarkable facility and wit in dealing with the questions put to him. Sir A. Acland-Hood, chief supporter of Mr. Hicks, had some difficulty in getting into sympathy with the constituents. They assigned the defects in his voice production to an abundance of beer, and whenever his throat again proved troublesome he was interrupted by cries of "Give him some more beer" from the Liberals. Mr. Churchill was received with prolonged hisses and cheers. After commencing "Friends, Britons, Countrymen," he proceeded to show (by a new system of inductive logic) that if the Miners' Eight Hours Bill were passed the constituents could not be killed in a railway disaster. He dwelt upon the necessity of the abolition of the *Lords*; here excitement rose to fever height, and the policeman was kept busy. The manifestations of joy and grief which greeted Mr. Hicks were even more prolonged. He seemed to be suffering from the same complaint as his colleague. When he drank water he carefully explained that he was a member of a temperance league (B.W.T.A., I believe), and resented the aspersions cast by the audience. A telegram from Joe Chamberlain, however, soon restored his equanimity. Mr. Hicks handled the tariff question with infinite skill, showing an able knowledge of the current issue of the *Daily Mail*. On the Licensing Bill he was not quite so much at home, but struggled manfully through, despite the interruptions of Keir Hardie and the noisy Suffragette, whom the policeman finally succeeded in ejecting.

The poll was a remarkably heavy one, and while the counting was going on a noisy indignation meeting was held by those unruly Suffragettes

who had been ejected. The announcement of the Liberal victory caused paroxysms of joy and grief. Mr. Hicks was chaired enthusiastically, while Mr. Churchill was tossed three times, which operation proved somewhat disastrous to his side combs and hairpins, which made a hurried departure. Wluston Hicks showed a truly magnanimous spirit by entertaining Mr. Churchill afterwards to supper at the Carlton, when an elaborate and varied menu was partaken of by all the supporters on both sides.

N.B.—The constituents wondered vaguely next morning why their throats were sore, and why the chatter of the breakfast-table was considerably diminished.

WINDSOR HOUSE.

THE return of the Windsorites to their scenes of toil was warmly welcomed by several past students who had returned to their Alma Mater for the Reunion. We were all pleased to see the old faces among us once again, and hope we shall have many more such reunions. The present students entertained their "ancestors" in the Hostel on the Friday evening. On this occasion we tried to show that, although much talent had left Windsor House, there still remained some to carry on the traditions.

During this term our Hostel has been troubled by an unwelcome visitor, disease. We are pleased to be able to say our invalid is now progressing favourably, although her recovery is slow. We heartily hope she will soon attain her wonted health and spirits,

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and so considerable amusement was obtained from the precautions taken against the spread of infection. The Windsorites have hit upon what they believe to be quite the latest form of entertainment in gargling. At times really fine choral effects were produced, and after practice one student reached such a high standard of efficiency as to be able to gargle "God save the King."

The inmates of one room have recently been blessed with food from above. Is it a gift of the gods, or is the messenger a raven? The arrival of the gift is announced by a gentle tapping at the window. The food takes the form of a dough-nut which has reached a state of hardness only comparable to that of a cricket ball. So far we have not been successful in determining the century in which it was made. However, we are quite sure that it would have been a welcome addition to the Hartley Museum had it not been destroyed by one who was evidently no lover of the antique.

The Windsor House Library is progressing favourably. Many new volumes have been added during the present term. The Librarian wishes to thank all who have contributed in any way, and will be pleased to receive any gifts of either money or books to increase further the number of volumes. We have to thank Mrs. Creed for giving us a book-case, and we hope soon to see all its shelves full.

For several of us college days are quickly drawing to a close. It is with feelings of regret that we leave those who have done so much to constitute our happiness during our sojourn here. We hope that all who are left behind may find as much happiness in their second year as we have done, and we sincerely wish that their college career may be crowned with every possible success.

N. M. S.

TENNIS CLUB. X X

* * *

THE following matches have been played :—

Seniors v. Juniors.

This match ended in a draw of 4 events each. For the Seniors.—Miss Davis and Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Beavis and Mr. Morgan, Mr. Ashton and Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Heath won their events, whilst Miss Hitchcock and Miss Naf, Miss Taylor and Miss Ploughman, Miss Blanchflower and Mr. Beard, and Mr. Winter won their events for the Juniors.

v. Portsmouth Teachers.

This match was played at Portsmouth, the College losing, after an exciting game, by 5 events to 8. Miss Brown and Miss Hitchcock Miss Blanchflower and Miss Taylor, Miss Aubrey and Mr. Harvey, and Miss Brown and Mr. Beavis won their events for the College. The trip was made by boat, and a large party accompanied the team, a most enjoyable time being spent. Our thanks are due to Mr. Palmer, for his kindness in conducting a party over Whale Island.

Staff v. Students.

This match was won by the Students by 6 events to 4. For the Staff Miss Aubrey and Mrs. Maxwell, Miss Gibson and Mrs. Griffiths, Miss Aubrey and Mr. Phillips, and Prof. Hearnshaw and Prof. Eustice won their events, whilst for the Students Miss Blanchflower and Mr. Beard, Miss Davis and Mr. Fletcher, Miss Brown and Mr. Beavis, Mr. Beavis and Mr. Morgan won their doubles, and Mr. Beard and Mr. Fletcher won their singles.

v. Beechwood.

The College lost by 10 events to nothing, Beechwood being much too strong for us.

v. Atherley.

The College lost by 4—7.—Miss Davis and Mr. Farrant, Mr. Osman and Mr. Beard, Prof. Watkin and Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Osman won their events for the College. Owing to holidays, the College had rather a weak team out.

Staff v. Students.

This return match ended in a severe defeat of the Staff by 10 events to 3. For the Staff, Mrs. Griffiths and Mr. Tomlinson won the only double, whilst Dr. Richardson and Mr. Marle won singles. For the Students the following won events :—Mr. Brown (2), Miss Davis, Miss Hartley, Miss Hitchcock (2), Miss Blanchflower (2), Miss Taylor, also Mr. Beard, Mr. Beavis (2), Mr. Brown (2), Mr. Coope, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Heath, Mr. Morgan (2), and Mr. Fletcher.

We are hoping that the Staff v. Students' match will become an annual fixture.

F. F.

That the Tennis Club this year is a marked success is an undoubted fact patent to all its members, but perhaps it is hardly realised that this success is chiefly due to the zeal and energy of our Secretary.

The combined duties of Secretary and Team Captain of a club of this size, comprising as it does over a hundred members, are very onerous, and sometimes, it is to be feared, somewhat unpleasant. For example, when players are discovered on the courts wearing walking shoes, or when they require a gentle reminder that it is against the rules to continue playing at the conclusion of their set if others are waiting, some moral courage is required in order to secure fair play for all. Mr. Fletcher has succeeded in performing these duties with firmness and tact, as all who appreciate the well-being of the Club must acknowledge. As Captain, too, he has shown great fairness in selecting the members of the Match Team, and at the same time has done his best to secure victory for us by putting on the strongest players available.

Mr. Fletcher also deserves our thanks for inaugurating some new departures in the management of the Club, *e.g.*, the Staff v. Students' matches, which were much enjoyed by victors and vanquished alike, and the excursion to Gurnard Bay, which entailed upon him a large amount of work and responsibility. In this he was ably seconded by Mr. Beavis and Mr. Morgan, who spared no efforts in promoting the pleasure of all who took part in the picnic. It is much to be regretted that we shall lose Mr. Fletcher's services at the end of the term; we shall miss him greatly, but he will carry with him the assurance that his work for the Tennis Club has been greatly appreciated by its members.

A CONSTANT PLAYER.

TENNIS SOIRÉE. ❧ ❧

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THE evening of May 30th saw all of us who had not undergone the process of fusion assembled to enjoy what was for some of us our last College Soirée—and despite certain previous misgivings, doubtless owing to the temperature, which is scarcely conducive to such physical exercise as dancing, a very enjoyable soir  e it proved to be. The hall presented an unusual scheme of colour, for on this occasion the ladies did not rejoice in the sole privilege of lending enchantment to the scene in the way of gay "togs." Indeed, they met with distinct rivalry in the men's crimson and white, an agreeable and novel change from the sober black which we are accustomed to see at such functions. Dancing was indulged in with the same zest as of yore, and one earnestly tried to convince oneself that it was not nearly such hard work as expected. For those who preferred to study human nature the balconies provided an excellent coign of vantage, while to those, again, who sought to exercise their faculties in other directions the games room, under such good care as it was, afforded an opportunity of displaying their powers of wit and intellect to the full. During the interval a musical programme of many attractions gave universal pleasure. One ate ices and listened to sentimental songs "of linked sweetness long drawn out." What more blissful combination could be desired? Then a merry song of May quickened the senses, and gave a renewed desire to "trip it as we go." A specially enjoyable feature was the selection rendered by the Men's Choir, which organisation appears to have been living somewhat in retirement of late. The clock crept on to 10.30 very quickly, when the non-emasculated

young ladies had to make a hasty and undignified exit without waiting either for "Auld Lang Lyne" or to thank their hosts for what had proved a most enjoyable evening. The spirit was willing but the car conductor was not, so they hastened on, some with mingled feelings of regret that this would be their last ride on that hilarious vehicle the chartered car.

A. C. I.

TENNIS PICNIC. ✕ ✕

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THIS took place on June 13th. It was organized by the Tennis Club, and it is the first of its kind that has proceeded from the College, but we sincerely hope that it will not be the last. That the idea was popular is shown by the fact that 114 made the trip.

We started from the Royal Pier just after 10, and arrived at Cowes at 11, from there proceeding along the shore to Gurnard, where we had lunch. The afternoon was spent in games, a cricket match—Ladies v. Gentlemen—arousing much interest. The ladies won by 29 to 24, this result being largely due to the fact that they had 17 to bat and about 30 to field, the majority of the lady spectators taking an active part in the fielding.

At 4.30 we had tea, all the requisites of a picnic tea being present—even the smoke in the tea.

Most of the time from 5.30 till 7 was spent in exploration of the district, and, judging from the bunches of wild flowers, this proved fairly successful.

We arrived at Cowes at 8, and after a short wait on the Pier embarked, and arrived at Southampton at 9.30.

The majority of those present expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the day, so that we may consider that the picnic was a success, as we hope all others will be.

The outing proved of great benefit to one member, who has now learnt that a cricket-bag does not possess paddlewheels.

F. F.

THE TENNIS EXCURSIONS TO PORTSMOUTH AND GURNARD BAY.

* * *

WHAT a treat it is to find that there is something new under the sun—new to us, at any rate. Never before since our arrival in Southampton have we had an excursion purely for pleasure. But "the old order changeth," and through the efforts of the energetic Tennis Secretary many people spent a thoroughly happy day on Saturday, May 16th.

The tennis team was engaged to play a match with Portsmouth Teachers, and the prospect of a sea trip enticed many others to avail themselves of this opportunity of spending a happy, free, and easy time

in the open air. The Fates were kind, and gave us lovely weather. How enjoyable the long trip, *via* Cowes and Ryde, proved! the impromptu lunch adding to the fun. The "business" of the day began in real earnest when the Canoe Lake was reached, and an exciting game resulted in a loss for our team.

The return journey was almost the best part of all. Would it had lasted longer! but all too soon Southampton Pier loomed in sight, and we dispersed "to sleep, perchance to dream" of one of the happiest of happy college days.

All that has been said applies equally to our picnic to Gurnard Bay. Of course it was on a much bigger scale, a hundred and fourteen students taking part. There was wind enough to blow any amount of cobwebs off musty brains, and everyone looks the better for the trip.

The first consideration on reaching Gurnard was luncheon. This over, a cricket match between ladies and gentlemen provided much fun for spectators. Marvellous scores were made on both sides, but the ladies won, of course.

Orchid hunting was another great attraction, and we have it on good authority that some rare specimens were obtained by those who had no objection to a few scratches and similar trifles. A whistle announced that tea was ready for us, and we were certainly ready for it.

All good things come to an end, and at 8.15 p.m. we left Cowes with one more event to add to our list of happy memories.

It is rather late in the day for thanks; but the thanks of all who took part are due to those who did so much to make these outings the success they were, and particularly to Mr. Fletcher for the time and thought he must have expended on the preparations.

"ONE OF FOUR."

CHRISTIAN UNION. ❧ ❧

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WOMEN'S BRANCH.

Our meetings this term have been well attended and much enjoyed. Acting on the advice of Miss Chapman, a missionary who visited us at the end of last term, we have held our General Meetings once a fortnight, instead of every week, alternating them with Bible Study Circles. The plan was only tried as an experiment, and we are not sure whether it will be carried on next session, or whether we shall revert to the old plan of holding a General Meeting every week.

We have had addresses this term from the Rev. G. Saunders, of Above Bar Congregational Church, and the Rev. J. Trevaskis, D.D., of St. Luke's Church. We are also looking forward to an address from the Rev. R. Mitchell, of Highfield Church, before the end of the term.

A. C. A. } Hon. Secs.
C. M. }

MEN'S BRANCH.

As this is the last report the present committee will be privileged to tender, perhaps it would be well to state briefly the present position of

our branch. At the date of forwarding this report the total membership is 26, against 22 of last year. We have three Bible Circles doing good work, with a total membership of 18, many men being keenly interested in the work. The book for study is "St. John," one of the S.C.M.'s text-books.

The average attendance at the Sunday meetings is 21.

This term we have been favoured by papers by the following students:—Messrs. C. T. Smith ("A Specific Work of the C.U."), E. J. Evans ("The Bible and Criticism"), C. M. Brooks ("Evolution"), and F. P. Bex ("Reincarnation"), whilst the Combined Meeting on May 17th was addressed by Prof. Clarke ("The Religious Teaching of Robert Browning"), and, although the name of the poet seemed somewhat familiar to all present, nevertheless the speaker dealt so interestingly with his subject that all enjoyed the address.

H. W. H.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

* * *

THE condition of the Society during the past session has been one of the most flourishing in its history, both from point of view of papers and attendance.

At the first general meeting of the session, held on November 6th, the following officers were elected for the session:—Vice-Presidents—Mr. Wentworth-Shields, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Wiseman, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Burnand; Hon. Outside Secretary—Mr. Mills; Hon. College Secretary—Mr. Miller; Hon. Treasurer—Mr. Pritchard; Committee—Messrs. Neave, Kerr, Ockenden, Blizard, Beare, Bennett, Rowe, Gandy, Moger, and Neil; Hon. Auditors—Messrs. Bennett and Rowe.

The papers read during the session are as follows:—"Speed Round Railway Curves," by Professor Eustice; "Metallic Filament Lamps," by Mr. Mills; "The Building of the Ship," by Mr. Rowe; "Aerial Navigation," by Mr. Chatley; "Internal Combustion Engines," by Mr. Burnand; "Reinforced Concrete," by Mr. Wentworth-Shields; "Westminster Abbey," by Mr. Ball; "Marine Engine Design," by Mr. Douglas; "The Accumulator in the Central Station," by Mr. Miller; "Friction of Ships," by Mr. Silk.

The Annual General Meeting was held in December, when the Hon. President of the Society, Mr. W. B. G. Bennett, read his presidential address. The meeting terminated with an excellent musical programme.

The average attendance at the meetings is 40, a distinct improvement on last year. There have been 12 new members, and 23 associated members elected.

The first lady member of the Society has been elected during the session; no doubt many more will follow.

Visits have been arranged during the session to the White Star liner "Oceanic," Messrs. Thornycroft and Co.'s Works, L. & S.W.R. Works, Eastleigh; the New Dock Works, Osborne College, the Gas Works, the Electricity Light Works, and Messrs. Harlaud and Wolf.

While visiting Thornycroft's Works we saw a notice to the effect that apprentices were *not allowed to use saws under eighteen years old*. Rather rough on the poor apprentices!

R. C. M.

CHORAL SOCIETY. ❧ ❧

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THE combined practices, which, made a characteristic feature of the Choral Society this season, culminated in the exceptionally fine musical performance given on May 11th—the occasion of Dr. Somerville's inspection of the College.

The programme of works performed consisted of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," followed by the "College Song," and also two unison songs by the men and women Students respectively.

The Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Leake, acquitted itself well, the music being sung with precision and expression, and with a fervour which plainly indicated a genuine interest in the work and its performance.

The solos in the Cantata were sung by Students, who are to be congratulated on their sympathetic rendering. Miss N. Cox sang the beautiful air "Praise thou the Lord;" the duet, "I waited for the Lord," was entrusted to the Misses D. Hunt and V. Boyce; Miss Izett and Mr. Dann sang the duet, "My Song shall be always Thy mercy," and to the latter credit must be given for his rendering of the recitative and air, "Sing ye Praise."

Miss Aubrey kindly presided at the piano, and Mr. E. H. Wood at a powerful organ, which was procured for the occasion; and it suffices to say that the accompaniments were played in such a manner as to support the voices and infuse spirit into the whole work.

Considering that the music was the most difficult that the Society has as yet undertaken, Mr. Leake had every reason to be proud of the forces under his charge.

Dr. Somerville, in his address, said that it was obvious to him that music was of vital importance in the College. He exhorted the Students always to procure the very best music, instead of rubbish, and further urged them to purge their portfolios of the trash that was loisted upon the market, to bann the sentimental nonsense that paraded as true sentiment, and in its place to foster a taste for that music which more correctly portrayed the sincere emotions of the people, and which is exhibited in the Folk-Songs.

A point of delicacy causes the writer to refrain from mentioning Dr. Somerville's remarks concerning the "College Song," but he takes this opportunity of thanking all concerned for the excellent rendering which it received.

It is hoped that the desire to interpret the classics, which has been especially successful this season, will in the future be continued; and although it may not be possible to attempt the "Matthäus-Passion" immediately, something approaching it might certainly receive consideration. There is also no reason why several of the new features introduced—such as the increased number of combined practices and the admittance of Students' friends to the performances should not be developed, causing the Choral Society to be something more than a purely college concern—a permanent and potent factor for the raising of the standard of musical taste.

C.T.S.

MALE VOICE CHOIR

* * *

ALTHOUGH the Male Voice Choir was suspended during the Winter term, some good work had already been done. The practices were attended by more than 30 students, and such pieces as Mendelssohn's "The Rhine" and "On the Water" were practised. There is not the least doubt that every member thoroughly enjoyed these musical evenings, and but for the unavoidable suspension, the Society would have sought to offer their services at concerts where this class of music is performed. A portion of the choir, however, was re-formed during the present term in order to render music at the Soirée given by the men to the women students. The pieces sung were "Drink to me only with thine Eyes" and "Hope will banish Sorrow," and their performance, under the direction of Mr. C. T. Smith, the conductor of the Society, was most effective—*encores* being demanded. The introduction of male voice choral music into Soirée programmes might well be continued with advantage; such items certainly relieve the monotony of a succession of solos.

TERRITORIAL TOPICS.

* * *

THE early part of this term saw the transference of the College Volunteer Company to Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army. Nearly 40 of the old Company were enlisted, mostly first year men, the short period of College life left to the Seniors preventing their joining.

Under the new scheme, the Battalion to which we are attached has changed its title of "2nd Volunteer Battalion Hants Regiment" to "5th Battalion Hants Regiment."

There was a rumour that we were to be transferred to the "Officers' Training Club," but owing to an official delay in issuing regulations, the Company joined the Territorial Army, the T.C. being thus deprived of its services.

The Company recently spent two Saturdays in firing on the range at Romsey; the break in College routine caused by this duty was much appreciated by the Hartley "Tommy Atkins."

The energies of the Company are now directed towards preparing for the Annual Training, which is to be held on Parley Common, near Bournemouth, from July 25th to August 8th. Given decent weather, this should prove a very enjoyable time.

The Morris Tube Club is in a state of suspended animation, we are sorry to say, but it will doubtless be revived before long.

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A PLEASANT evening was spent on Friday, February 28th, at St. Bride's Institute, Fleet Street, for which a programme of dancing and music had been arranged; about 40 members and friends were present. The second whist drive of the session was held on March 20th, and was as popular as usual. On this occasion about 60 were present and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The summer programme was opened by an outing to Box Hill, on Saturday, May 23rd. The weather was all that could be desired, and the members will not soon forget the magnificent views of the country around Dorking, the tea, and the game of rounders, in which one or two members distinguished themselves by their agility and smart fielding.

We hope to meet the Portsmouth and Southampton Societies at Guildford on a Saturday in June, when present students will also be welcome.

May I again remind all students who expect to live in or near London, after leaving college to communicate with one of the Secretaries, in order that they may receive an invitation to our meetings?

The addresses of the Secretaries are as follows:—Miss Hinley, 255, Croxted Road, West Dulwich, S.E.; Mr. W. A. Rogers, 6, Chipstead Street, Fulham, S.W.; Mr. C. Paice, 6, Denham Road, Surbiton.

Special Notice.

On Saturday, July 18th, we are holding an outing at Richmond and Wimbledon, and as the date is arranged so as to suit candidates sitting for Inter. in London, we hope to see many present students on that occasion.

C.P.

CRICKET NOTES. X X

+ + +

WE have often read that "Fortune is a lying jade;" may she once more prove herself to be one. Everything appears as unfavourable to the club as it could possibly be. There are no seniors to give a helping hand, while the officials of the club are juniors ignorant of each other's prowess as "flanneled fools." Yet we dare to be optimistic; for the juniors are keen that we should have a good side; all those concerned in the working of the club are showing an unbounded and praiseworthy zeal, and *esprit de corps* is not lacking. The College has always had a good eleven, and we wish to be able to show our juniors next season a record to be proud of, and make them eager to keep up our reputation in the future.

We should like to point out that the fixture list is much stronger than last season, and in no case shall we have to play on anything but a good wicket. The majority of the matches take place on our own ground, *i.e.*, the County Ground.

Our congratulations to C. E. Osman, our vice-captain, who has been given a series of trials by the authorities of the Hampshire County Club.

He has our best wishes, may we see him in the County Eleven before this season is over.

MATCHES.

Opening Match (April 29th).

Five days before this match the ground was covered with snow, and it speaks well of the drying powers of the County Ground that we were able to play. Owing to the paucity of players among the seniors the annual fixture—Seniors v. Juniors—was replaced by a match between two elevens, one led by Mitchell and the other by our Captain. Several promising bowlers and batsmen were unearthed, but the outstanding feature of the game was Cassady's display with the bat. Going in first with Mitchell he remained undefeated at the close of the innings, with 49 runs to his credit. The Captain of the other team was the next scorer, but he had put himself in too low on the list to be of much help to his side. One senior student greatly amused the spectators by batting and fielding in spotless brown gaiters and closely-fitting kid gloves. We wonder if he wishes to initiate us into the mysteries of cricket as played by the Israelites of old.

Ordinance, 91; College, 131 (May 2nd).

The College started the season most auspiciously. We won the toss, and the first wicket put on 40 runs, our score being chiefly due to Osman (52, not out) and Cassady (22). Our opponents looked at one time as if they would easily pass our score, but Cassady going on took two wickets with his first two balls; in all he took four wickets for 12 runs.

v. Grammar School (May 6th).

Our opponents proved to be much too strong for the College XI., and there is little to report about this match. For our opponents A. K. Campbell compiled a brilliant, if somewhat lucky, 134 (not out). Grammar School, 187 for four; Hartley, 67.

v. R.A.M.C., Netley (May 9th).

This proved a most exciting match, the College losing by only 1 run. C. E. Osman took seven wickets for 37 runs, and C. Brown was top scorer with 38. R.A.M.C., 86; College, 85.

v. Deanery (May 13th).

Our opponents were once again too strong for us, making 193 before they were dismissed, in reply to which the College could only make 78, C. E. Osman contributing 40 of these.

v. Ordinance Survey (May 16th).

We found that we were facing a stronger side than in our last match, and were fortunate enough to get our opponents out for 117 (Brooks, eight for 38). The Ordinance, however, easily got rid of us for the poor total of 79.

v. Grammar School (May 20th).

Owing to the majority of the College team being on the range firing we could only make up a scratch eleven. For us Stone (Hants C.C.) made 95. Hartley, 203 for six; Grammar School, 168.

v. T.S. Mercury (May 23rd).

Owing to the death of the founder of the training ship this match had to be put off.

v. Reading Univ. College (May 30th).

Our opponents having won the toss elected to bat, and made the formidable total of 186 (Brooks, five for 61). C. E. Osman and H. R. Cassady opened for the College, and made 92 before being separated. The match should have been a draw, but, thanks to the sportsmanlike action of the Reading captain, who allowed us to bat for ten minutes over time, we were able to win. C. E. Osman compiled a brilliant 112 (not out) for the College. Hartley, 188 for six wickets; Reading U.C., 186.

v. Winchester T.C. (June 3rd).

We were unfortunate in visiting Winchester, when a heavy thunder-storm took place, and in consequence had only two hours for play. Winchester T.C., 106 for four; Hartley, 50 for three (Cassady, 37, not out).

Our record to date is as follows;—Played, 8; won, 2; lost, 4; drawn, 2.



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